

LEADING
No.9

Ten Cents
WINTER
ISSUE



Leading COMICS



THE
LEADING HEROES
VS.
MR.X--
"THE CHAMELEON OF CRIME."



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of the*

**SUPERMAN DC
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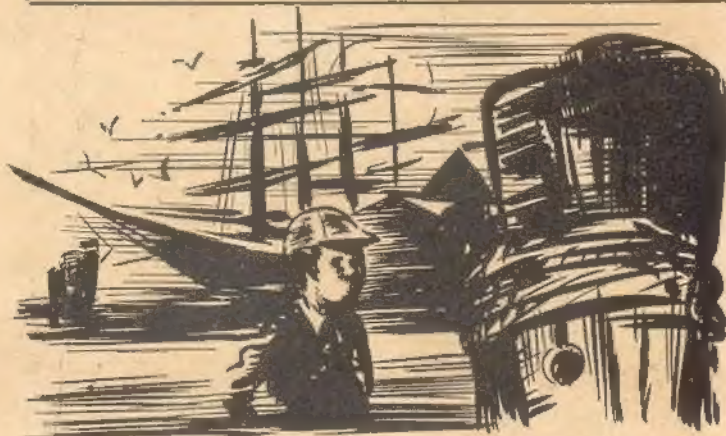
(Issued every third month)

BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
GREEN LANTERN
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PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterlies; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK**,
Director of Children's Reading,
CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



FOGBOUND: A WATERFRONT MYSTERY

By Hawthorne Daniel

Illustrated by Hamilton Greene

Will Hardy was fourteen when family misfortunes sent him to New York to work as office boy in a shipping firm—the firm which had once been his grandfather's. It was in the days when great clipper ships sailed with huge cargoes from the New York waterfront to all parts of the world.

It was not long before Will discovered that someone wanted to get rid of him. Twice he escaped by sheer luck from captors who tried to shanghai him on vessels bound for far places. Who was back of these attacks he could not guess, for he did not know that his father's death in San Francisco had been foul play and that his father's murderer was now in New York. Still less did he suspect that the uncle who now owned his father's business was bound up in all this, in an effort to cover up his own dishonest dealing.

But Will had friends who suspected that his father's death had not been "suicide", as the uncle had pretended—and in the end their suspicions led them to unravel the mystery and restore the business to its rightful owner.

If you like mystery stories, ask for this new book at your library.

CHAPTER 1

IMAGINE A CRIMINAL SO CUNNING THAT NO MAN KNOWS HIS TRUE APPEARANCE... PICTURE HIM AS COLD AND CALCULATING, BUT RECKLESS OF THE LIVES AND LIBERTIES OF OTHERS; ENDOW HIM WITH A SKILL AND SHREWDNESS SO GREAT AND A CONCEIT SO ENORMOUS, THAT HE DARES TO CHALLENGE THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY TO A CONTEST OF WITS IN WHICH HUMAN LIVES ARE NO MORE THAN PAWNS! DOES YOUR IMAGINATION FALTER? THEN TURN TO THE LIVING REALITY, AND ALONG WITH THE DARING LEGIONNAIRES, PLUNGE THROUGH PERIL AFTER PERIL AS YOU MEET...

"THE CHAMELEON OF CRIME!"



HIGH ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN-SIDE NESTLES A SMALL BUT LUXURIOUS HOTEL, VISITED BUT RARELY, AND THEN ONLY BY GENTLEMEN OF GREAT LEISURE...



WITHIN THE SPACIOUS LOBBY, FIVE GUESTS INDULGE IN CONVERSATION... AND AS IS NATURAL, THERE IS A STRONG TENDENCY TO TALK SHOP...

WELL, BOYS, BUSINESS AIN'T BEEN SO GOOD, BUT AT THAT, I'M LUCKY TO BE HIDIN' OUT HERE!

YOU AIN'T THE ONLY ONE, RED!



IT WAS MY LUCK TO HAVE A RUN-IN WITH THE SHININ' KNIGHT! I WAS ON A SWELL SECOND-STORY JOB AT THE TIME...



"I HAD FIFTY GRAND IN JEWELS IN ME POCKETS... WHEN HE COMES BUSTIN' IN!"

HOLA, THERE! VILE ROGUES!

THE SHININ' KNIGHT!

WHAT ARE YA AFRAID OF? WE OUTNUMBER HIM, DON'T WE?



"YEAH, WE OUTNUMBERED HIM... AND IT HURTS ME TO THINK OF WHAT HAPPENED!"

AND I THOUGHT TO TEST MY STRENGTH! THESE BE BUT FEEBLE KNAVES, VICTORY! I SHALL WASH MY HANDS OF THEM, AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!



WELL, I ESCAPED FROM THE COPS! BUT I DON'T NEVER WANNA TANGLE WITH THE SHININ' KNIGHT NO MORE!

YOU THINK THE SHININ' KNIGHT'S SO GOOD? YOU SHOULDA SEEN WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I RAN INTO THE CRIMSON AVenger!



IF YOU HAVE TO KNOCK THEM OFF THE ROOF, WING, DO IT GENTLY!

I PLOMISE, MIST' CLIMSON! NO WANNA HURT SIDE WALK!



I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT AWAY! ALL THE OTHER BOYS WERE CAUGHT!



YOU-ALL MAKE ME LAUGH! IF YOU HAD TANGLED WITH THE VIGILANTE, LIKE I DONE...!



OH, YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY?



SHUCKS, IF IT COMES TO A SHOW-DOWN, I PLACE MY BETS ON THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!

SUDDENLY... A DRAMATIC INTERRUPTION!

PARDON THE INTRUSION, GENTLEMEN.. BUT I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU WERE SAYING! I'M AFRAID YOU SOMEWHAT OVERRATE THESE PERSONS YOU HAVE MENTIONED!



YEAH? WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE HIDIN' FOR? AND HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TANGLE WITH THE KID AND STRIPESY?



OR THE CRIMSON AVENGER?

OR THE SHININ' KNIGHT?

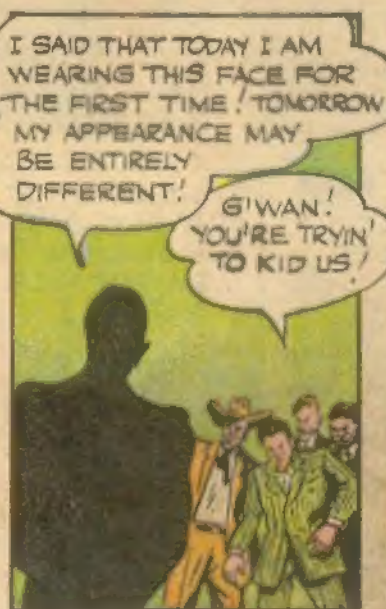
I SHOULD WELCOME THE CHANCE! AM I MISTAKEN, OR DID ONE OF YOU MENTION A BET?



I SHOULD LIKE TO TAKE THAT BET! MAY I SUGGEST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AS A SUITABLE FIGURE?



YOU MEAN YOU'LL BET TEN THOU THAT YOU CAN PULL A SUCCESSFUL JOB AGAINST THE OPPOSITION OF THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY?



YOU MAY SEE ME IN MANY FORMS...BUT YOU WILL NEVER LEARN MY REAL APPEARANCE! AND YOU WILL NEVER BE SURE WHICH OF THE PEOPLE YOU MEET IS **MR. X**!

HUH?
MR. X?



YOU MEAN YOU'RE THE FAMOUS GUY THAT CAN'T BE RECOGNIZED?

--THE MAN WHO'S BAFFLED THE POLICE FORCE OF EVERY BIG CITY?

DA GUY WHAT DA COPS DON'T EVEN KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT...EXCEPT DAT YA ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU'RE AFTER?



EXACTLY!

I CAME HERE FOR A BRIEF REST...BUT NOW I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE IT. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN...I MUST ARRANGE WITH HERMAN TO HOLD THE STAKES!

GEE.. MAYBE HE CAN FOOL DA STAR-SPAN- GLED KID AND DER REST! I'M SORRY I BET!

G'WAN, NOBODY CAN GET THE BEST OF THOSE GUYS! YOUR DOUGH IS SAFE, PAL!



IS IT? MR. X'S STRANGE POWERS APPROACH THE FANTASTIC! AN UNPARALLELED MASTER OF DISGUISES, HE CAN MAKE HIMSELF UNRECOGNIZABLE! HOW CAN THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY COPE WITH SUCH AN OPPONENT?

THERE HE GOES! WONDER WHEN HE'LL BE BACK!

IF YOU ASK ME...NEVER! WHOEVER HE TACKLES FIRST WILL FINISH HIM! AND WE'RE GONNA COLLECT THAT DOUGH!



WHICH OF THE SEVEN LEGIONNAIRES HAS MR. X SELECTED AS HIS INITIAL VICTIM? HERE THEY ARE...WHICH OF THEM WILL BE THE FIRST TO ACKNOWLEDGE MR. X'S MASTERY?



THE ANSWER IS SPEEDING ON ITS WAY!

CHAPTER II

STARRING THE

CRIMSON AVENGER



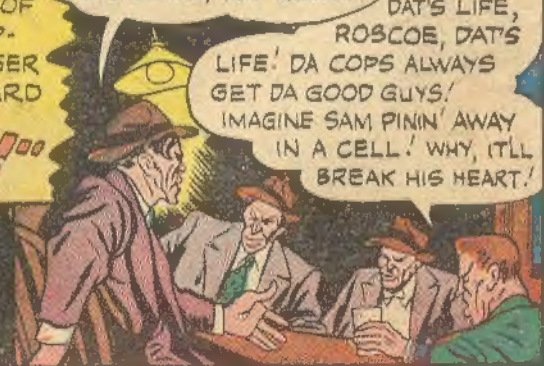
LAMENTATIONS FILL THE LATE HIDEOUT OF THE GONE-BUT-NOT-FORGOTTEN SAM THE SLUG!

HE'S A CONFIDENT MAN, IS MR. X... PERHAPS TOO CONFIDENT! FOR WHAT CRIMINAL IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD WARN THE CRIMSON AVENGER, OF ALL PEOPLE, OF THE TIME AND PLACE OF HIS INTENDED CRIME? BUT THE MASTER OF DISGUISES HAS MORE THAN ONE TRICK UP HIS CAPACIOUS SLEEVE... AND BOTH THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND THE LOYAL WING PLUNGE HEADFIRST TOWARD DISASTER WHEN...

"MR. X MARKS THE SPOT!"

POOR SAM! WE'LL NEVER HAVE A BOSS LIKE 'IM! T'ROUGH T'ICK AN' T'IN HE LOOKED OUT FER HIS BOYS, AN' NOW...

DAT'S LIFE, ROSCOE, DAT'S LIFE! DA COPS ALWAYS GET DA GOOD GUYS! IMAGINE SAM PININ' AWAY IN A CELL! WHY, IT'LL BREAK HIS HEART!



ABRUPTLY, INTRODUCING INTO THIS LUGUBRIOUS SCENE...

HOWDY, BOYS! I'M CRUSHER KANE, YOUR NEW BOSS!

OUR NEW BOSS?
WHO SAYS SO?



MR. X'S SCHEME RECEIVES CAREFUL ATTENTION... AND SOON THE IRREPLACEABLE SAM THE LUG HAS BEEN REPLACED!

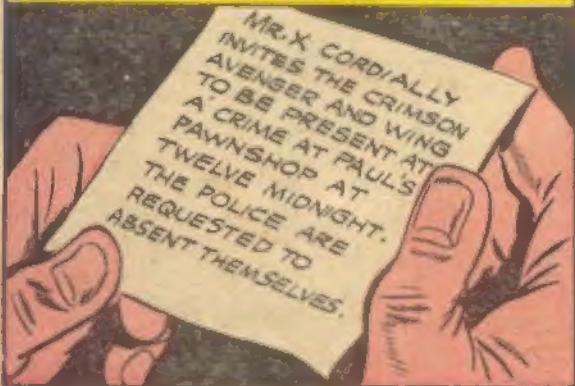
CRUSHER, ER... TELL ME... WHAT DOES DIS MR. X REALLY LOOK LIKE?

NOBODY KNOWS, PAL...
KEEP YOUR MIND ON
BUSINESS, AND DON'T
ASK QUESTIONS!



BUT AS AN IMPATIENT HAND IS ABOUT TO FLIP THE CARD INTO THE STREET, A QUICK GLANCE SCANS THE MESSAGE... AND TWO CRIMINALS STAND PETRIFIED!

MR. X CORDIALLY
INVITES THE CRIMSON
AVENGER AND WING
TO BE PRESENT AT
A CRIME AT PAUL'S
PAWNSHOP AT
TWELVE MIDNIGHT.
THE POLICE ARE
REQUESTED TO
ABSENT THEMSELVES.



MR. X! HE HEARD ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES AND SENT ME TO TAKE CHARGE! WAIT'LL YOU HEAR HIS SLICK BURGLARY SCHEME!

MR. X? YOU MEAN DAT GUY NOBODY KIN RECOGNIZE? HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLIN' DA TRUTH?

PIPE DOWN, SAP! FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS FELLA MIGHT BE MR. X HIMSELF! LET'S LISTEN TO DA PROPOSITION!



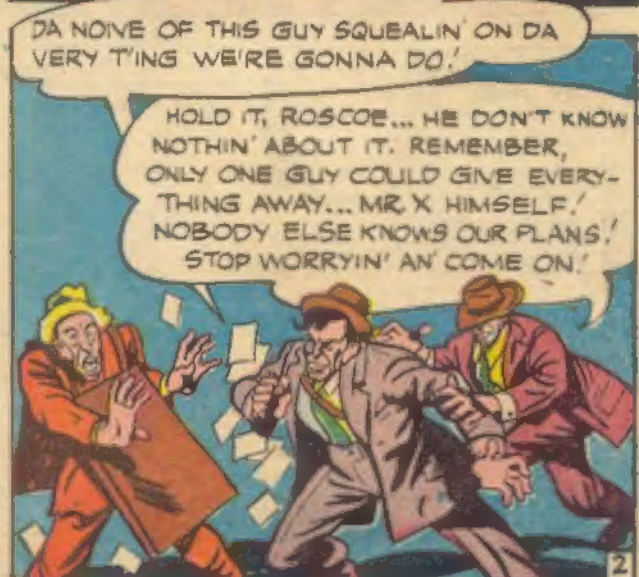
HUH, WHAT'S THIS?

JUST AN ADD FOR
JOE'S JOINT! TROW IT
AWAY, BOSS... YOUR TIME'S
TOO VALUABLE TO WASTE!



DA NOIVE OF THIS GUY SQUEALIN' ON DA VERY T'ING WE'RE GONNA DO!

HOLD IT, ROSCOE... HE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT. REMEMBER, ONLY ONE GUY COULD GIVE EVERYTHING AWAY... MR. X HIMSELF! NOBODY ELSE KNOWS OUR PLANS! STOP WORRYIN' AN' COME ON!



WILL THE INSOLENT INVITATION GET INTO THE HANDS OF ITS INTENDED RECIPIENT?... A MOMENT LATER, ANOTHER PASSERBY RECEIVES THE SUMMONS TO THE SCENE OF CRIME... NONE OTHER THAN LEE TRAVIS, THE CRIMSON AVENGER HIMSELF!

WHAT'S THIS...? AN INVITATION TO MEET THE FAMOUS MR. X? SOUNDS INCREDIBLE! I'D BETTER SPEAK TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT!



LATER, AFTER A TRANSFORMATION TO THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME...

YES, AVENGER, WE'VE HEARD OF MR. X TOO, BUT WE THINK HE'S OVERRATED! AND THIS WHOLE BUSINESS SEEMS TO US LIKE A HOAX! YOU'VE QUESTIONED THE SANDWICH MAN...

I HAVE, AND HIS DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN WHO PAID HIM TO PASS OUT THESE CARDS IS VERY VAGUE!



WELL, IF MR. X DOES SHOW UP, YOU'RE CAPABLE OF DEALING WITH HIM! WE'LL LEAVE IT ALL TO YOU!

YOU BET... POLICE NOT INVITED... NOT POLITE TO GO WHERE NOT WANTED!

LET'S GO, WING! IT'S GETTING LATE!



THUS, AS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT DRAWS NEAR...

ALL QUIET, MIST' CLIMSON!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, WING! OUR INVITATION IS FOR MIDNIGHT!



THE MINUTES TICK SLOWLY BY, AND THEN...

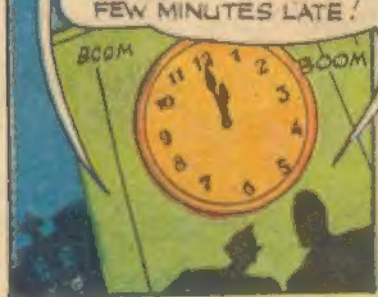
OKAY, MIST' CLIMSON, HERE IS MIDNIGHT... AND STILL NOTHING DOING!

GIVE MR. X A CHANCE, WING... A MAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE A FEW MINUTES LATE!

BUT TIME PASSES, AND...

JOKE ON US, MIST' CLIMSON! MIST' X NOT COMING!

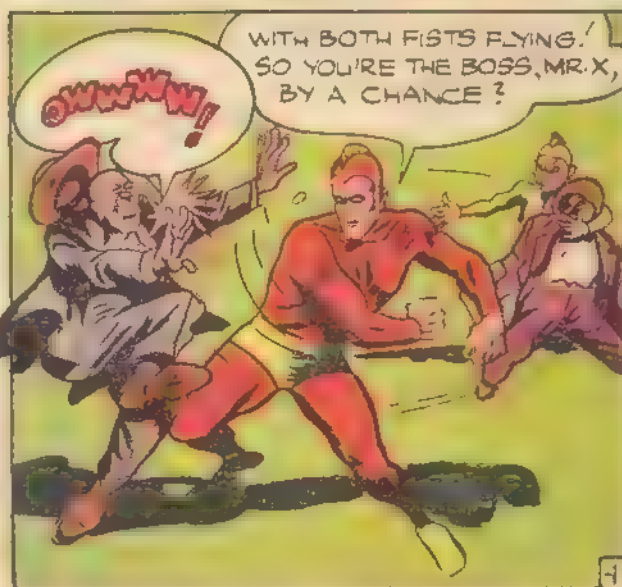
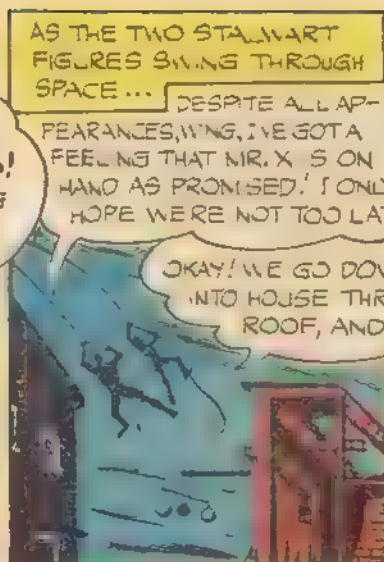
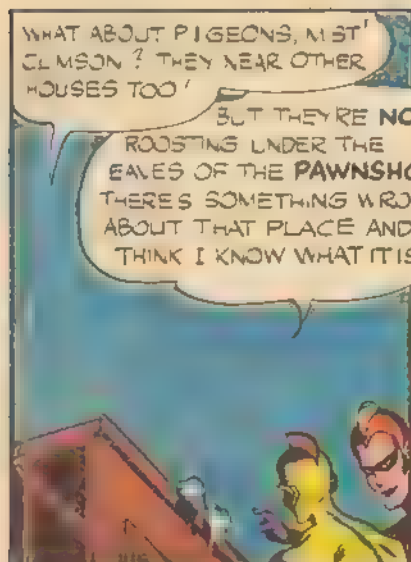
I'M SURE WE WEREN'T LURED DOWN HERE AS A JOKE, WING! FOR SOME REASON, MR. X WANTED OUR PRESENCE HERE!

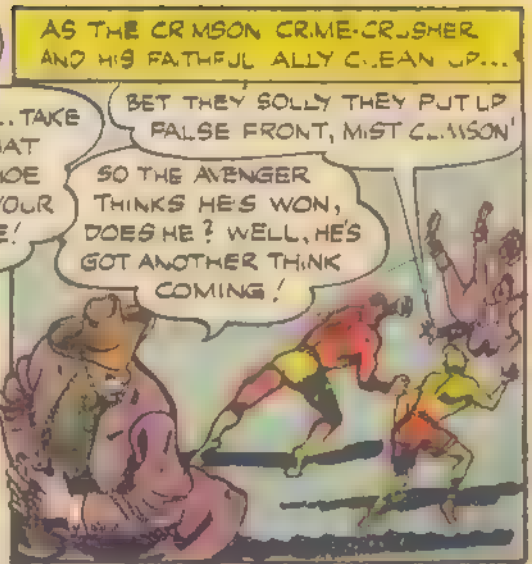


MAYBE SO HE BE SAFE TO PULL JOB SOMEWHERE ELSE!

NO, LOOK! THOSE PI SEONS!







A SCARLET BEAM FROM THE AVENGER'S SEARCHLIGHT ILLUMINATES THE TINY PRISON.

HMM. THE STUFF THOSE THUGS LEFT HERE ISN'T VERY VALUABLE, BUT I THINK WE CAN USE IT. WING, HAVE YOU STILL GOT THOSE DIAMONDS?

HAND CLOSE OVER THEM WHILE I FALL DOWN! GOT DIAMONDS... BUT WHAT GOOD IN HERE?



PLENTY! DIAMONDS ARE A LOT HARDER THAN STEEL... AND BY FITTING THEM FIRMLY INTO THIS CANDLESTICK, I'LL HAVE SOMETHING THAT CAN SERVE AS A DRILL!



THIS IS EASIER THAN DRILLING FROM THE OUTSIDE... WE DON'T HAVE TO CUT THROUGH SO MUCH STEEL TO REACH THE TUMBLERS!

YOU MAKE GOOD SAFE-CLACKER, MIST' CLIMSON!



PRESENTLY... AH, AT LAST! BUT I WONDER IF THOSE THUGS ARE STILL AROUND!

MAYBE THEY STOP TO PICK UP MORE LOOT! MAYBE THEY THINK THEY GOT PLENTY TIME...



YOU'RE RIGHT, WING. HERE THEY ARE!

HEY BOSS, LOOK. THEY GOT OUT. WHAT'D MR. X SAY TO DO?

H.M...? I DUNNO... HE DIDN'T FIGURE...



TO BAD, CHUM! IT'S TOO LATE FOR YOU TO DO ANY FIGURING NOW!

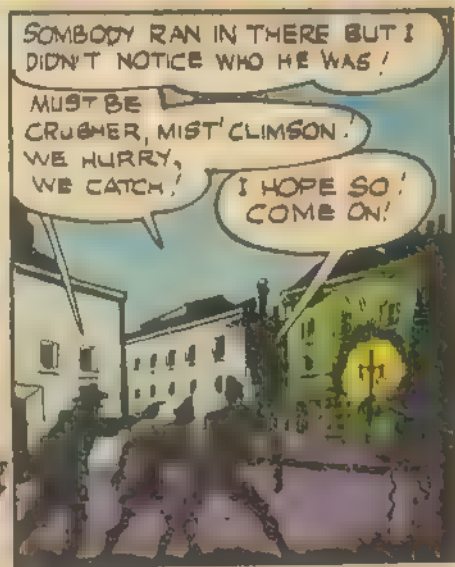
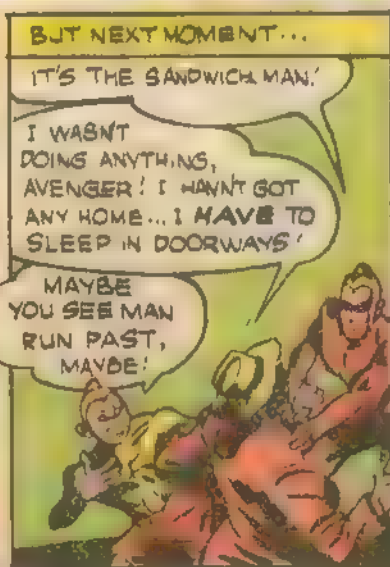
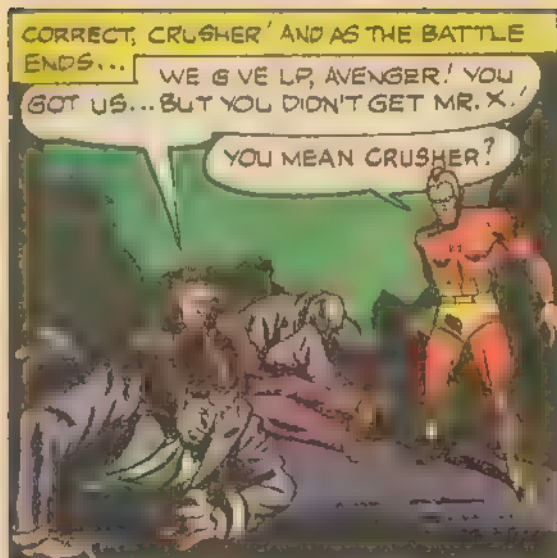
YIM!



BY THIS TIME I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER!

I BETTER GET OUTTA HERE! LOOKS LIKE IT DON'T PAY TO TANGLE WITH THE AVENGER TOO MUCH!





THE AVENGER'S WORK APPEARS TO BE FINISHED. BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING WAS. IF THAT SANDWICH MAN WAS ASLEEP... HOW DO WE SEE CRUSHER RUN INTO THE ALLEY.

WHA-? YOU THINK-?

I THINK THE SANDWICH MAN IS MR. X! HE BETRAYED CRUSHER IN ORDER TO GET US OUT OF THE WAY. YOU TAKE CARE OF CRUSHER, WINS! I'M HURRYING BACK TO THE PAINSHOP.

AS I EXPECTED YOU WATCHED FROM THE DOORWAY TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING WENT AS PLANNED. AND THEN YOU SAW YOUR CHANCE TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY SO YOU COULD PICK UP THE LOOT.

COULD YOU AVENGER GIVE ENOUGH THAT I HANDED CRUSHER OVER TO YOU?

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

WE'LL SEE!

FAREWELL, AVENGER!

HOLD IT CHUM I'M COMING RIGHT AFTER YOU

BUT AS THE SCARLET-CLAD SCOURGE OF CRIME PLUNGES HEADFIRST IN PURSUIT...

UGH...NO, YOU DON'T MR. CROOK WE GOT YOU

LET GO! CAN'T YOU SEE ITS ME...THE CRIMSON AVENGER.

WHEN A DAZED POLICEMAN FINALLY RELEASES THE CRIMSON AVENGER...

SORRY AVENGER YOU KNOCKED ME OUT ON MY FEET...I COULDN'T SEE WHO I WAS GRABBING!

NEVER MIND, OFFICER MR. X GOT AWAY, BUT WITHOUT ANY LOOT... AND I'VE GOT A CLUE THAT'LL HELP ME KNOW HIM WHEN WE MEET AGAIN.

I WIN! I WIN DA TEN GRAND! DA CRIMSON AVENGER MADE A MONKEY OUTTA MR. X!

EASY DOUGH DAYS WO' WE'RE ALL GONNA GET

MR. X FOILED BY CRIMSON AVENGER IN DARING BURGLARY ATTEMPT!

NEXT DAY - AT THE CROOKS MOUNTAIN RETREAT.

YEPPEE, BEYOND WE'RE GOING TO THE RODEO, CELEBRATED SETTING FOR THE BRAVADO OF BRONCO-BUSTERS AND THE COURAGE OF COW-GIRLS WITH AN ASTOUNDING ACT NOT ON THE PROGRAM... THE DRAMATIC APPEARANCE OF MR. X... AND THE VIGILANTE... AND THOUGH THE PUNCHING PLANS IN A QUICK TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE DANGEROUS MASTER OF DISGUISES, HE NEEDS ALL HIS WESTERN WITS AND WEAPONS IN HIS ATTEMPT TO OUTDO...

"THE X-PLOTS OF MR. X!"

CHAPTER 3

STARRING

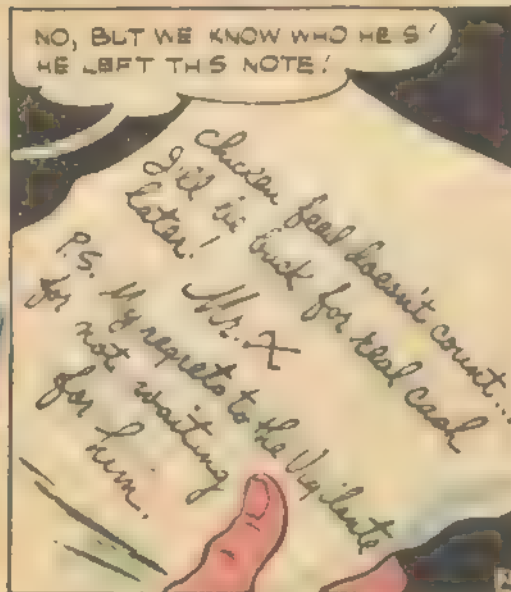
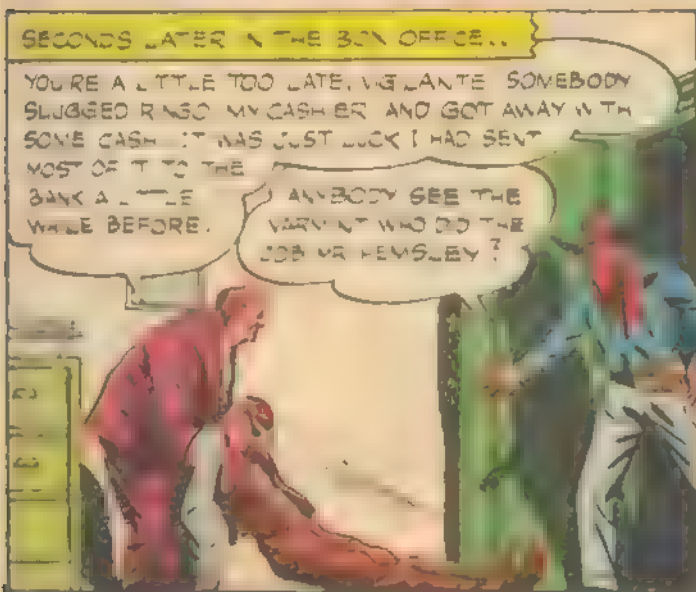
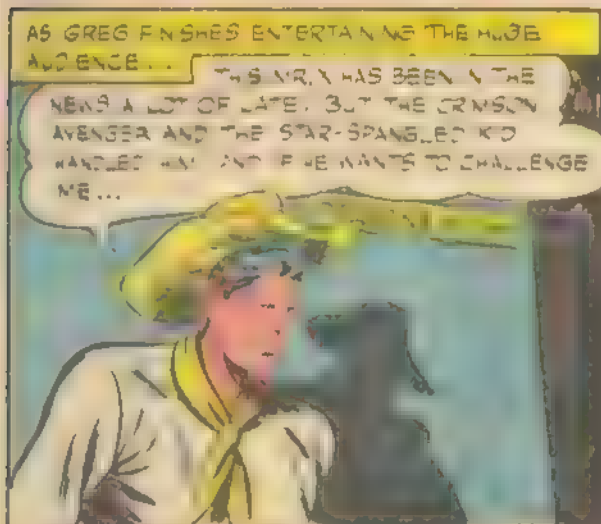
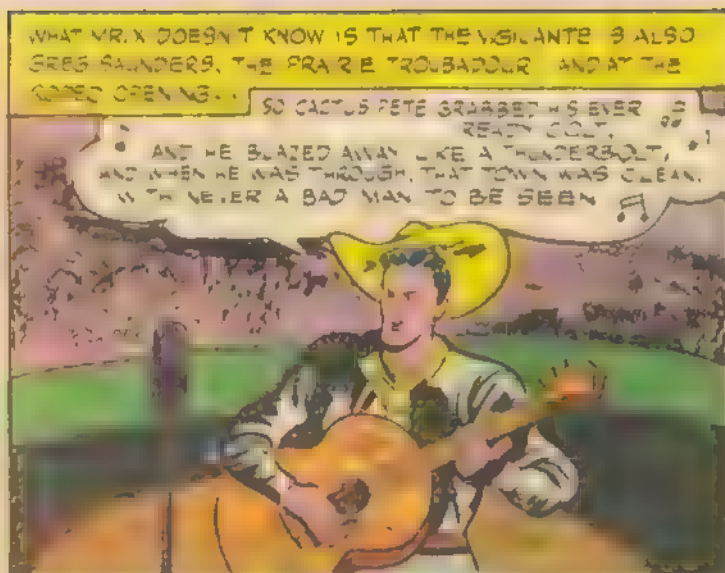
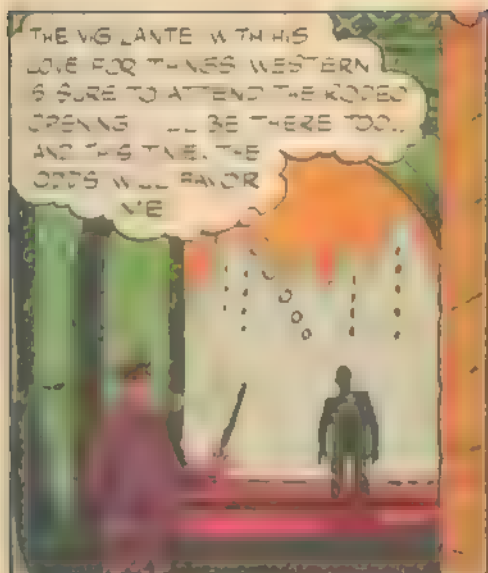
THE VIGILANTE

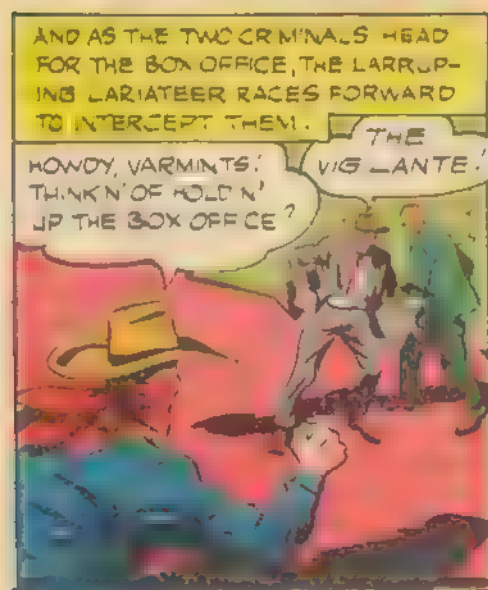


A RODEO... HMM, THIS WILL BE RATHER CONVENIENT FOR MY PURPOSES.

FASCINATING POSTERS ADVERTISE THE OPENING OF A GREAT EVENT IN THE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT TO AN EAGER PUBLIC... AND TO AN INTERESTED MR. X.









AND THEN IT'LL BE TIME
TO RIDE HERD ON
THESE OTHER ORNER
CRITTERS!

HE CAN'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
GANG UP ON HIM!



YOU'LL FIND IT'S LIKE TRYING
TO GANG UP ON A GRIZZLY,
PARTNERS!



MEANWHILE...

SAY,
SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE
OUT THERE!

TROUBLE
I'M RESPONSIBLE
FOR, YOU FOOL!

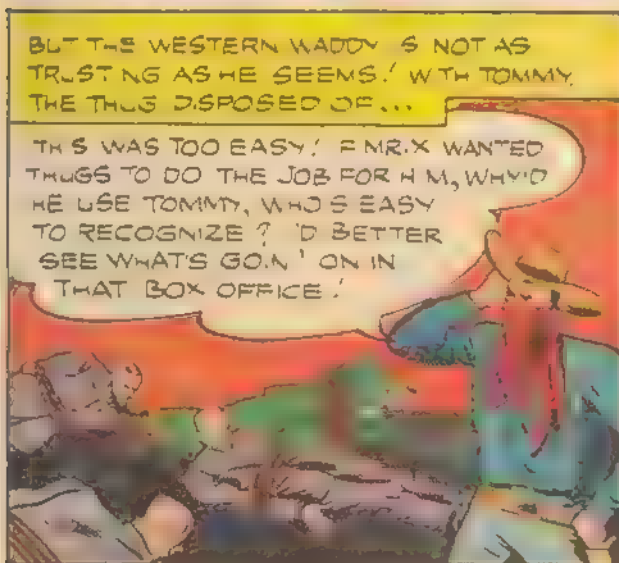


AND HERE'S SOME
MORE OF IT FOR
YOU!

AAAAA...



THE VIGILANTE NEVER
SUSPECTED THAT I WAS
MR. X. IMAGINE SETTING
ME TO GUARD THE BOX
OFFICE! HA, HA!



BUT THE WESTERN WADDY IS NOT AS
TRUSTING AS HE SEEMS! WITH TOMMY,
THE THUG DISPOSED OF...

THIS WAS TOO EASY! IF MR. X WANTED
THUGS TO DO THE JOB FOR HIM, WHY'D
HE USE TOMMY, WHO'S EASY
TO RECOGNIZE? I'D BETTER
SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN
THAT BOX OFFICE!



THE SOUND OF
VIGILANTE'S SPLERS!
HE'S COMING THIS
WAY!



I'D BETTER PUT THIS ASIDE UNTIL I CAN GET RID OF HIM.



NEXT MOMENT...

PARRY WHAT HAPPENED?



WHO... WHAT... WHERE AM I?



YOU'RE RIGHT HERE IN THE OFFICE YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH! AN' NOT DOIN A GOOD JOB OF IT.

IT WASN'T MY FAULT V.G. SOMEBODY HIT ME FROM BEHIND! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PULL MY GUN!

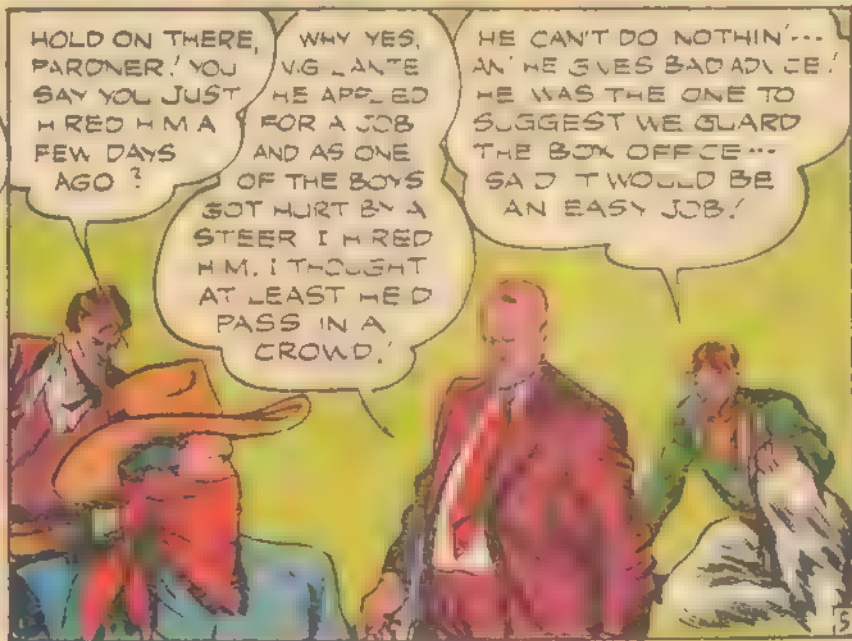


HE MUST HAVE RUN OUT THAT DOOR!

I DIDN'T NOTICE ANYBODY RUN OUT SURE YOU DON'T SEE HIM?



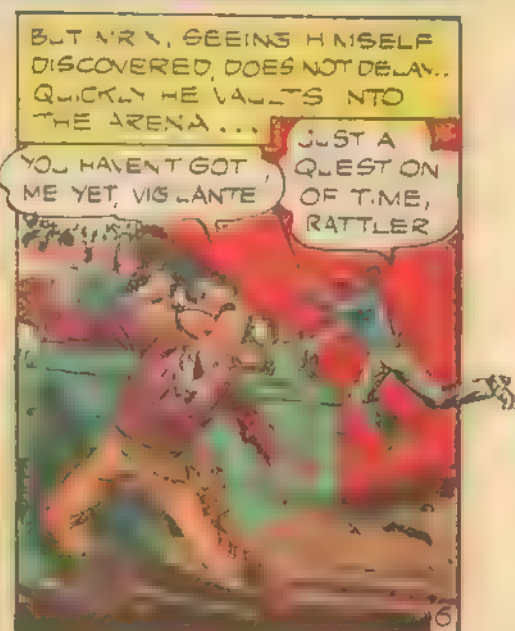
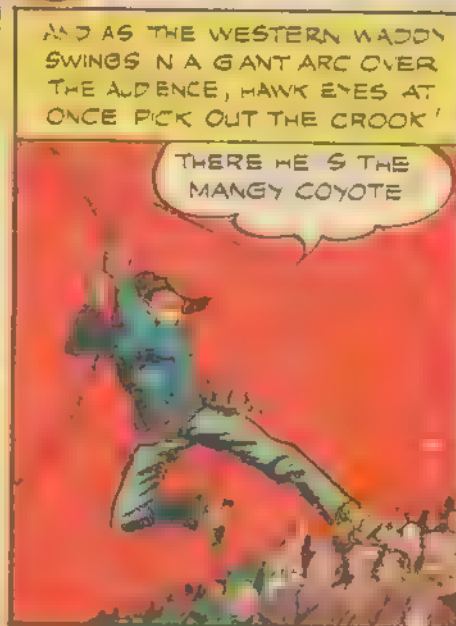
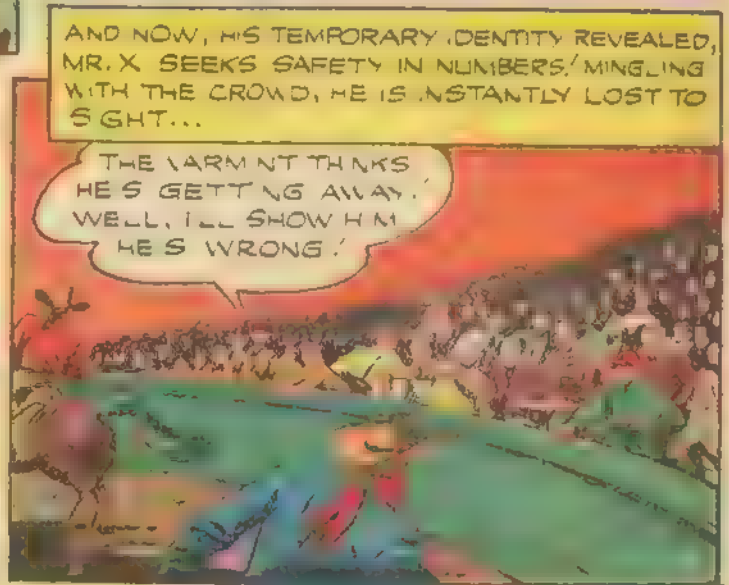
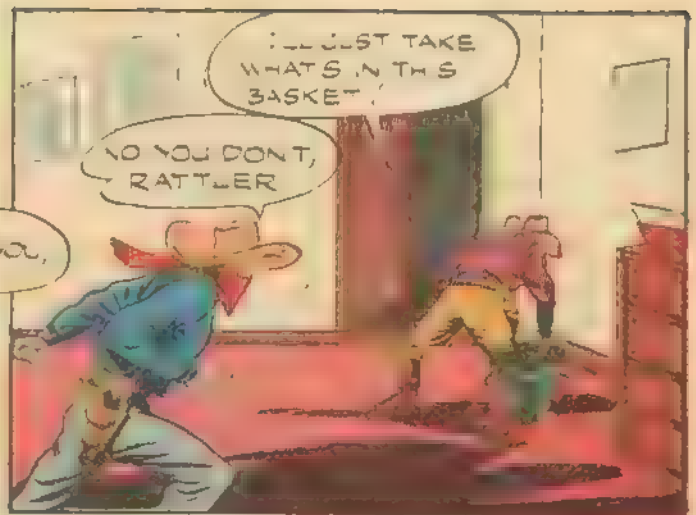
WHY, NO... PARRY, I'M SORRY I HIRED YOU THE OTHER DAY. YOU CAN'T RIDE, YOU CAN'T THROW A LARIAT...



HOLD ON THERE, PARONER! YOU SAY YOU JUST HIRED HIM A FEW DAYS AGO?

WHY YES, V.G. LATE HE APPLIED FOR A JOB AND AS ONE OF THE BOYS GOT HURT BY A STEER I HIRED HIM. I THOUGHT AT LEAST HE'D PASS IN A CROWD.

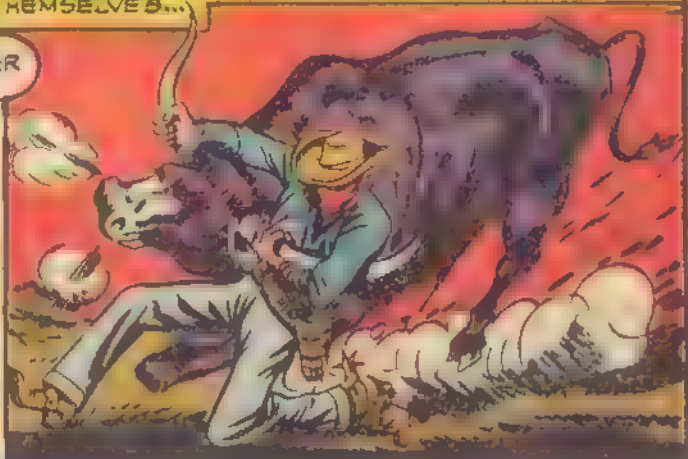
HE CAN'T DO NOTHIN'... AN' HE GIVES BAD ADVICE! HE WAS THE ONE TO SUGGEST WE GUARD THE BOX OFFICE... SAID IT WOULD BE AN EASY JOB!



MORE TIME THAN YOU THINK. THIS BULL WILL KEEP YOU BUSY FOR QUITE A WHILE

I USED TO BE A GOOD BULL-DOGGER-- WONDER IF I REMEMBER THE HANG OF IT!

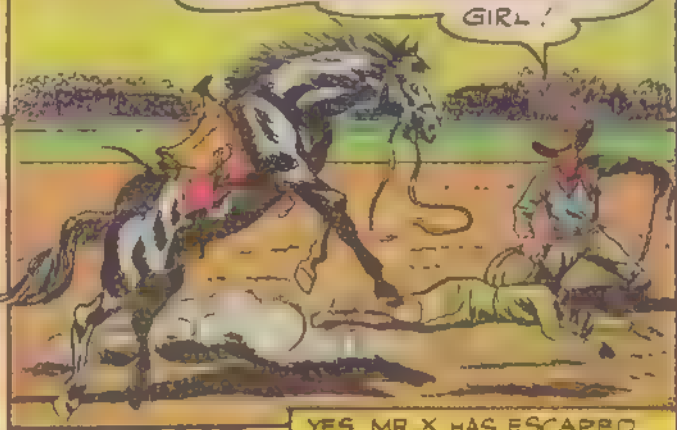
AS THE INFURIATED ANIMAL PLUNGES AHEAD, THE PRAIRIE PUNCHER SLIPS DEFTLY TO ONE SIDE-- THEN A QUICK LUNGE FORWARD AND POWERFUL MUSCLES EXERT THEMSELVES...



BUT MR. X'S STRATAGEM IS NOT WITHOUT RESULT! TERRIFIED BY THE BULL A SNORTING STEED THROWS A SURPRISED RIDER...

AND THE NEXT MOMENT THE GREAT THREAT OF DEATH STAMPEDES TOWARD THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE...

OH, OH.. HAVE TO SAVE THIS GIRL!



THEN ONCE MORE A WRITHING COILS SPRINGS THROUGH THE AIR...

WHOA THERE, PARTNER, THIS AIN'T IN THE ACT!

HURRAY FOR VIGILANTE!

A LUCKY BREAK FOR HIM -- GOT AWAY WHILE I RESCUED THE GIRL. NOT MUCH HOPE OF FINDING HIM NOW. HE'S HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO CHANGE OVER HIS APPEARANCE

YES, MR. X HAS ESCAPED AGAIN -- BUT HE HAS ALSO LOST AGAIN, AND IN A NEW DISGUISE HE PONDER'S HIS COURSE OF ACTION...

I'D BETTER THINK EVERYTHING OVER CAREFULLY BEFORE I GO AHEAD! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THE NEXT TWO BETS!



CHAPTER
4

ON A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY, AT A LAWN PARTY
ON THE DOREMY ESTATE, THAT IDLE MEMBER
OF THE IDLE RICH, SYLVESTER PEMBERTON,
LOLLS IDLY...

SYLVESTER, I ENVY YOUR
HAVING DUGAN AS A CHAUFFEUR
HE'S A MODEL OF
CORRECTNESS!

OH, YES, MR DOREMY.
I'VE TRAINED PAT
PROPERLY. HE'S
LOST HIS IMPULSIVE-
NESS AND ACQUIRED
THE PROPER DIGNITY
WHICH NOTHING CAN
SURPRISE!



UNEXPECTEDLY...

HEY, K... MASTER SYLVESTER, LOOK!

TUT, MY DEAR FELLOW, AFTER I'VE JUST BOASTED... HUH, WHAT'S IT?



TO THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY

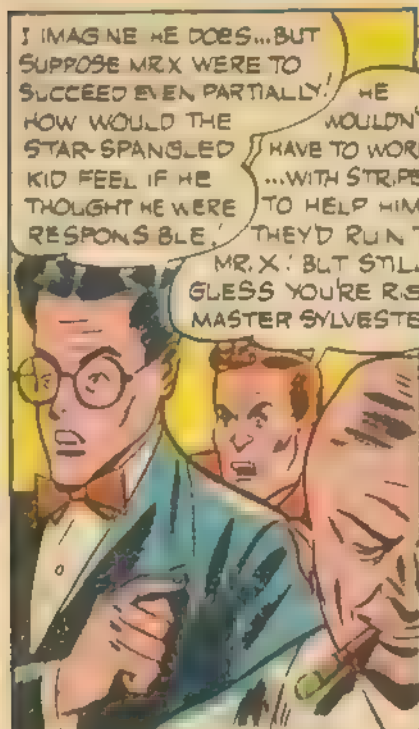
THEY'RE USIN' OUR... I MEAN THEY'RE USIN' A METHOD THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY ONCE USED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH MR. GADGET!

SO THEY ARE! VERY INTERESTING!



STRIPESY! NAME YOUR CRIME AND I'LL COMMIT IT! MR. X!

WELL, I'LL BE...



I IMAGINE HE DOES... BUT SUPPOSE MR. X WERE TO SUCCEED EVEN PARTIALLY! HOW WOULD THE STAR-SPANGLED KID FEEL IF HE THOUGHT HE WERE RESPONSIBLE?

MR. X! BUT STILL I GLESS YOU'RE RIGHT MASTER SYLVESTER!



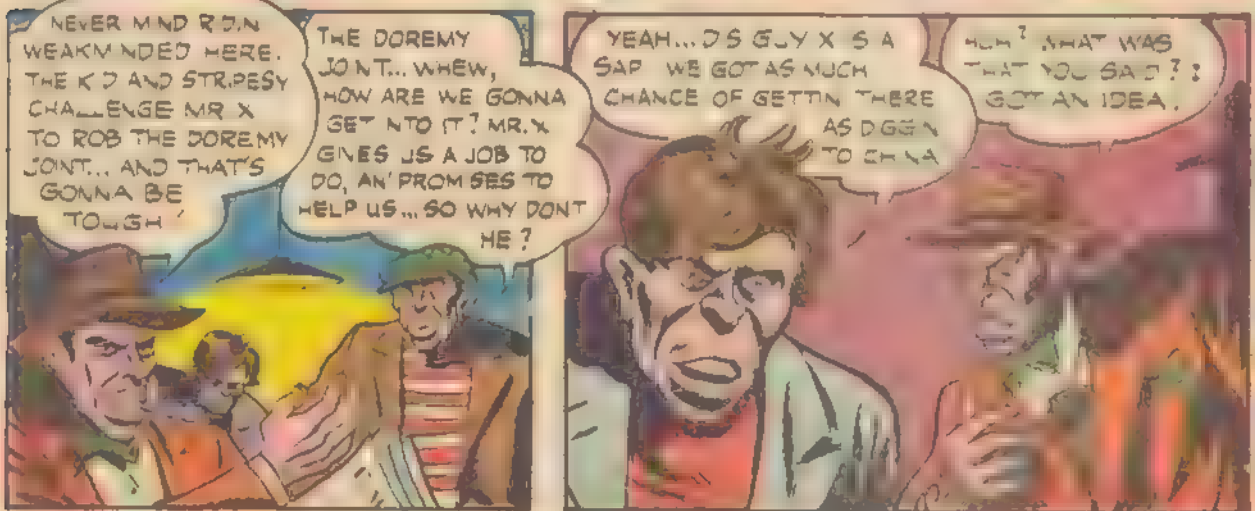
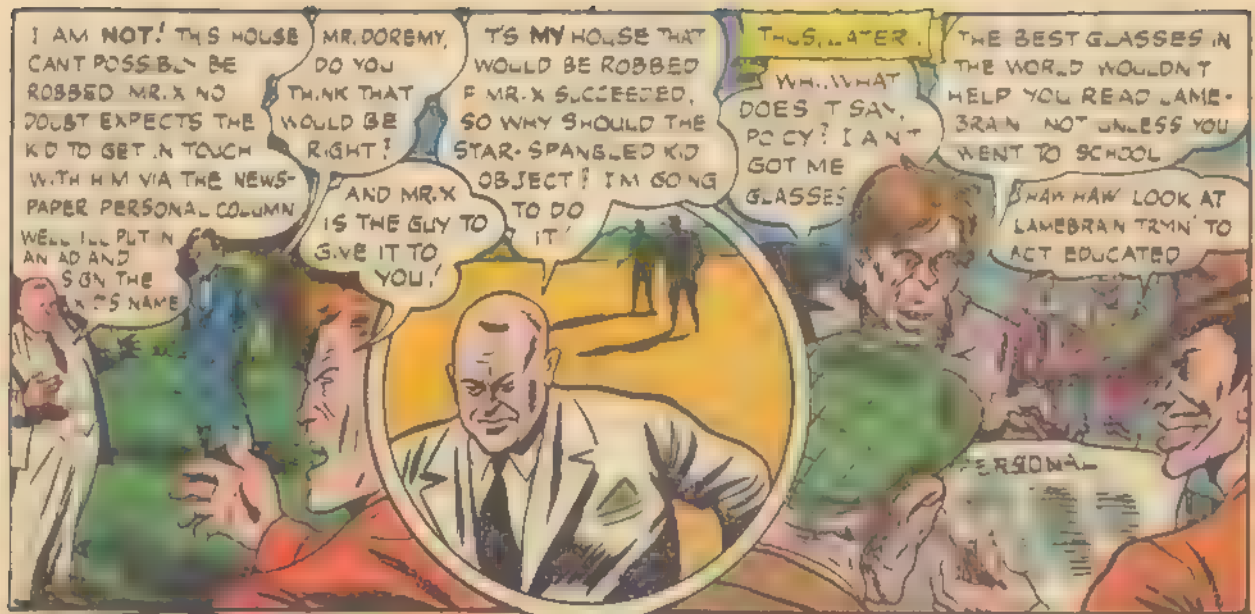
THEN I DON'T THINK MUCH OF THE KD AND STRIPESY! THEY OUGHT TO TAKE A CHANCE. PERSONALLY, IF I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO NAB MR. X, I'D TAKE A CHANCE!

YOU WOULD?



BY JOVE YES! MY ESTATE IS SURROUNDED WITH BARBED WIRE, ITS WELL GUARDED, I HAVE BURGLAR ALARMS EVERYWHERE... I'LL INVITE MR. X HERE!

YOU'RE JOKING OF COURSE, MR. DOREMY!





THE DAY PASSES SLOWLY AND THEN AS THE SUN SETS ONCE MORE...

KID, I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK WE'RE WASTIN' OUR TIME! THERE AN'T NO SIGN...

SN'T THERE? TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THESE, STRIPESY, AT THE EDGE OF THAT HIGHWAY!



HUH...? A CAR TURNED OFF THAT HIGHWAY!

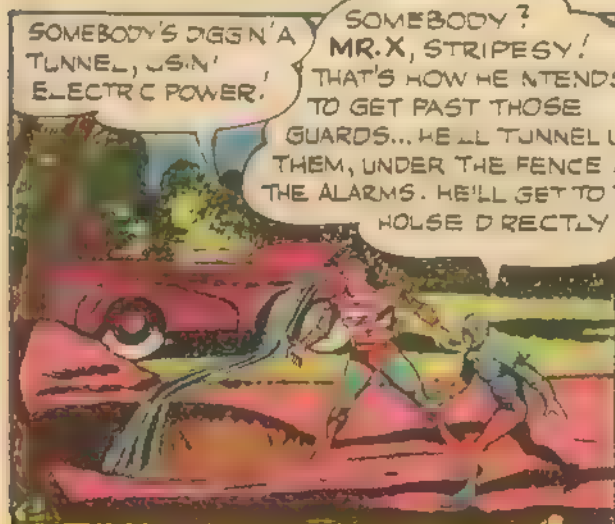
EXCELLENT DEDUCTION, STRIPESY! WE'LL FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS AND SEE WHERE THEY LEAD!



MOMENTS LATER...

IT WENT UNDER THOSE TREES, KID!

AND IT DIDN'T COME OUT AGAIN! WE'D BETTER DESCEND AND GET A CLOSER LOOK.



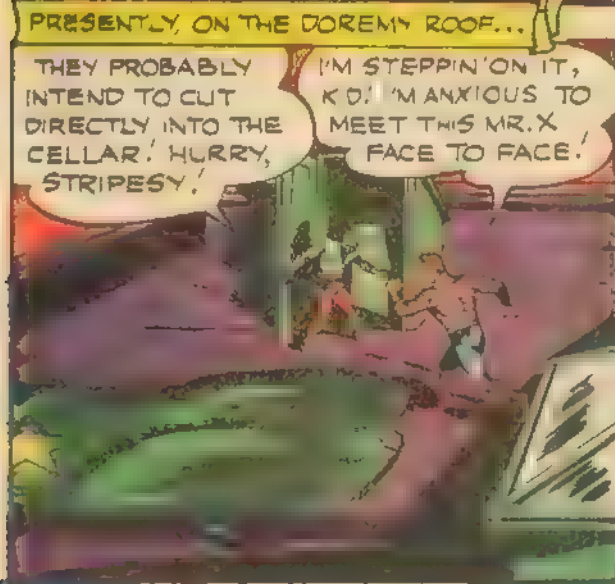
SOMEBODY'S DIGGIN' A TUNNEL, USIN' ELECTRIC POWER!

SOMEBODY? MR. X, STRIPESY! THAT'S HOW HE INTENDS TO GET PAST THOSE GUARDS... HE'LL TUNNEL UNDER THEM, UNDER THE FENCE AND THE ALARMS. HE'LL GET TO THE HOUSE DIRECTLY!



GOSH, KID, LET'S GO DOWN THERE AND...

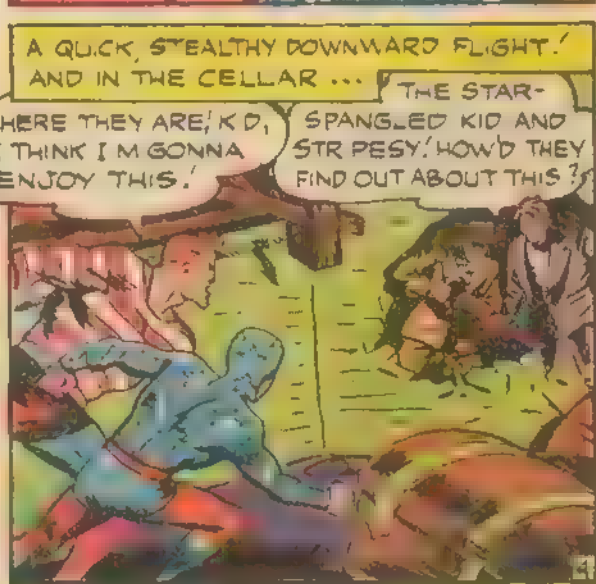
NOT THIS WAY, STRIPESY. MR. X MAY HAVE LEFT A FEW TRAPS IN THE TUNNEL TO GUARD HIS RETREAT. WE'LL USE THE ROCKET RACER AGAIN...



PRESENTLY, ON THE DOREMY ROOF...

THEY PROBABLY INTEND TO CUT DIRECTLY INTO THE CELLAR! HURRY, STRIPESY!

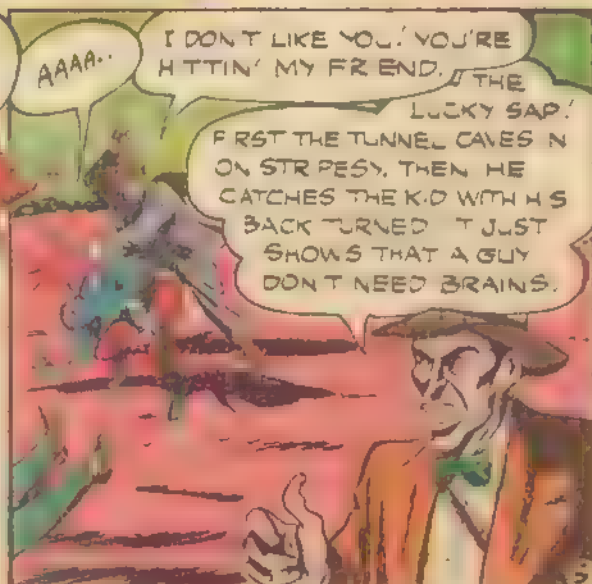
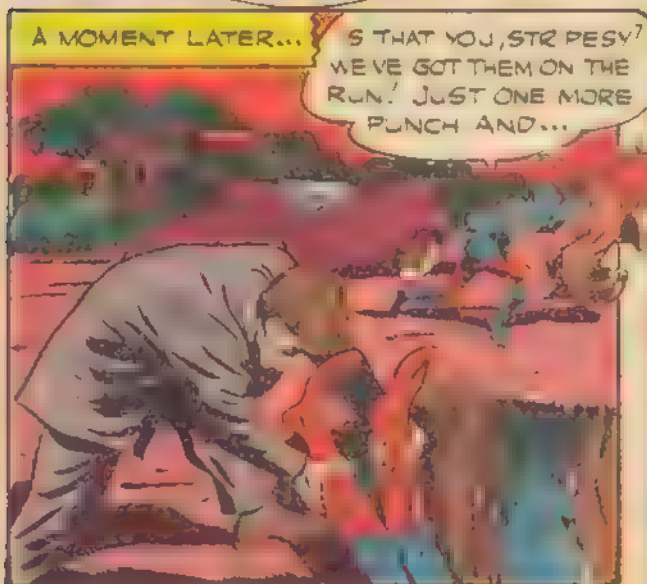
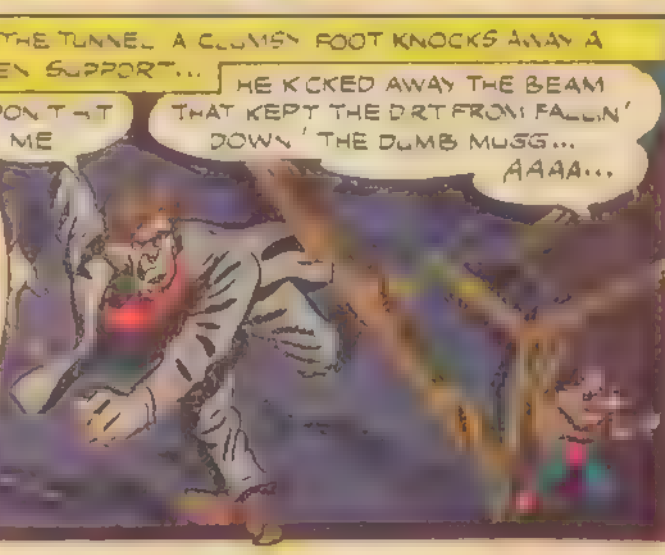
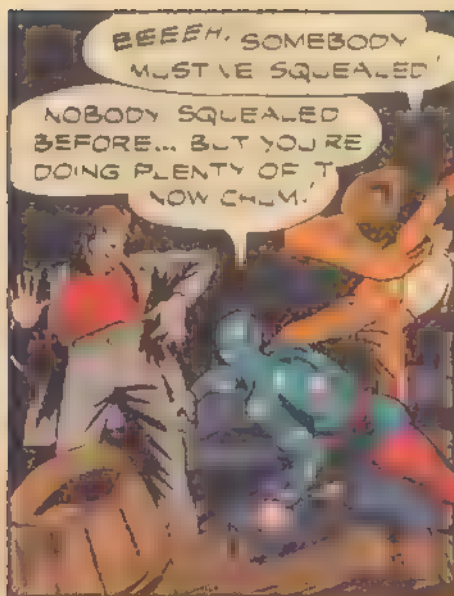
I'M STEPPIN' ON IT, KID! I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THIS MR. X FACE TO FACE!

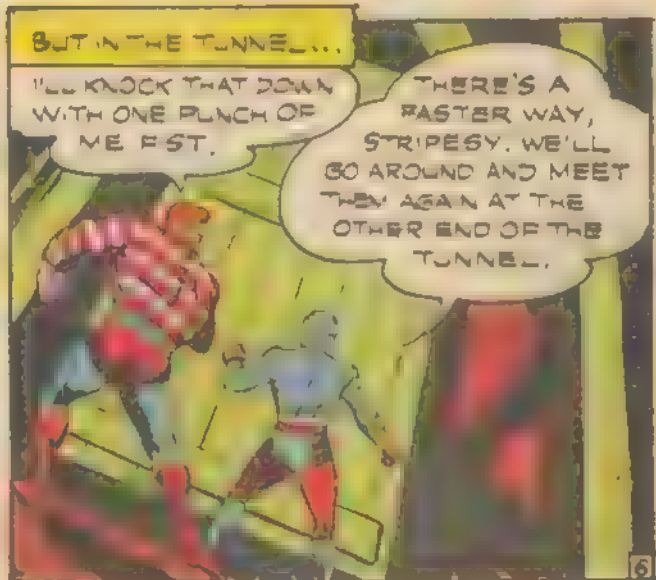
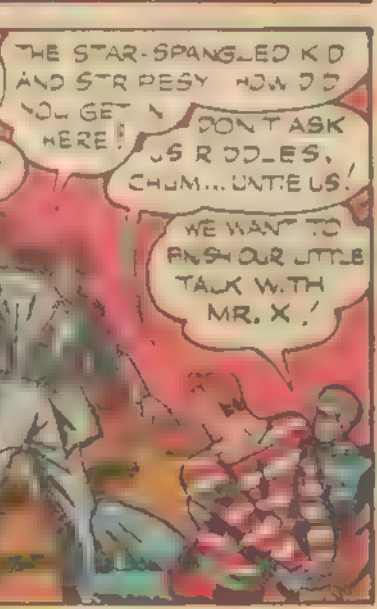
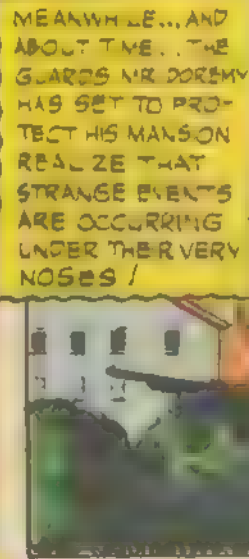
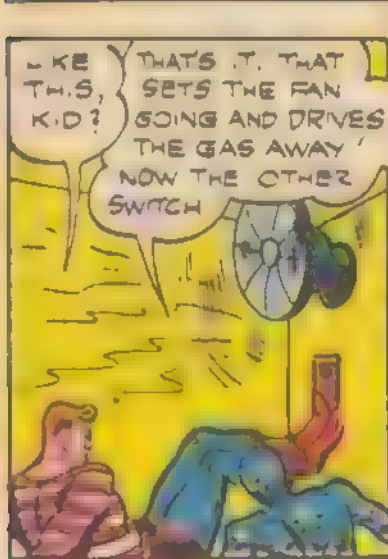
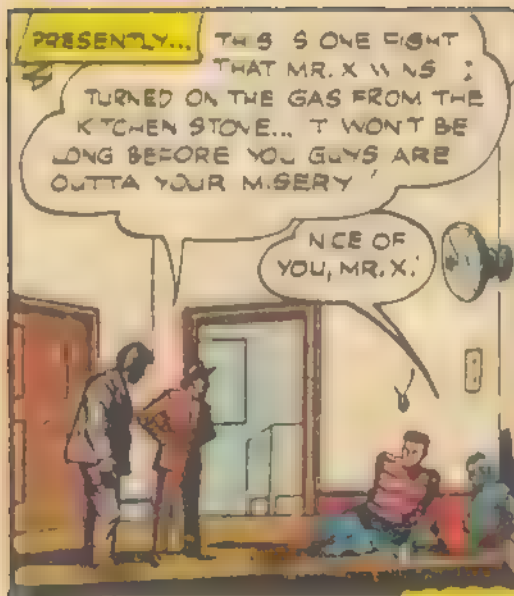


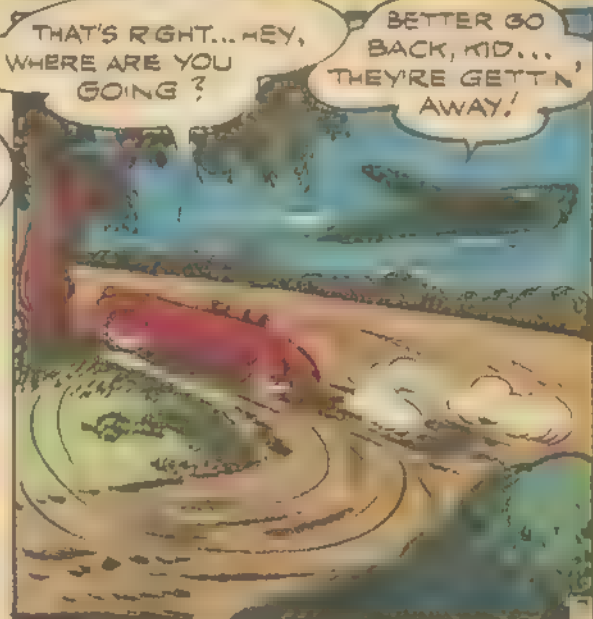
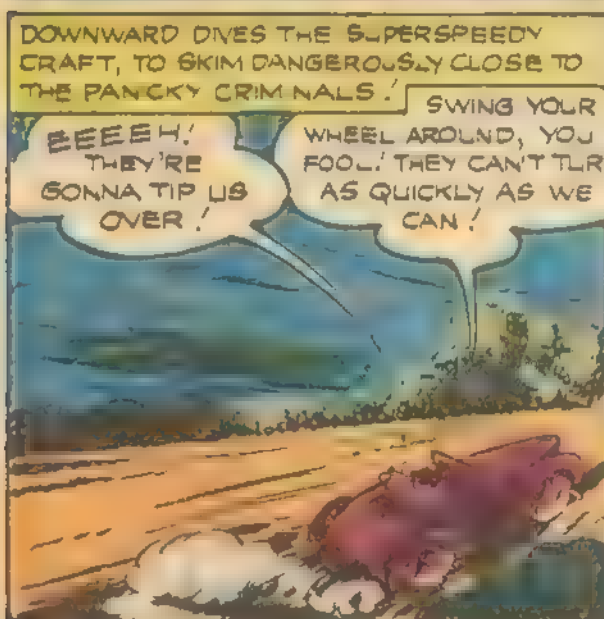
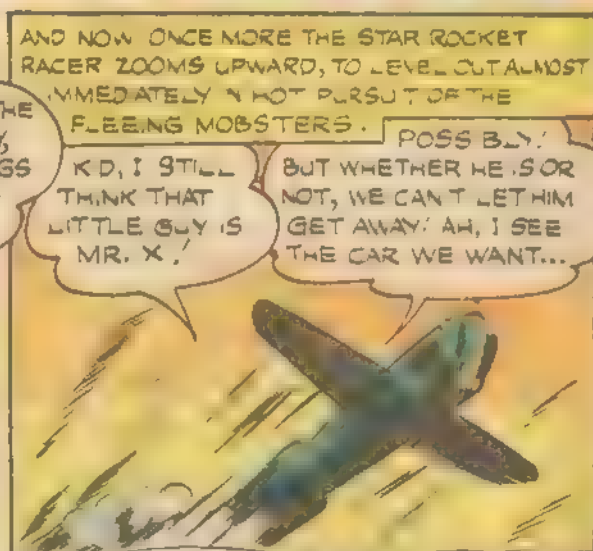
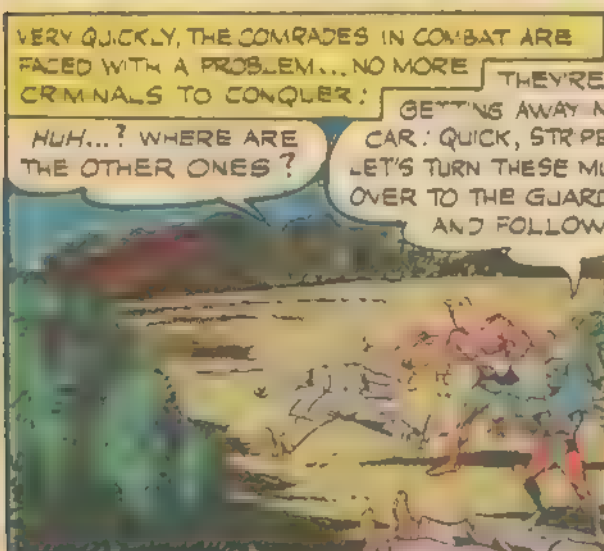
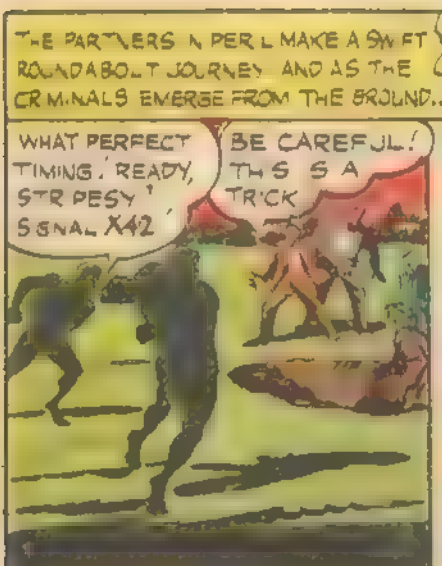
A QUICK, STEALTHY DOWNWARD FLIGHT! AND IN THE CELLAR...

HERE THEY ARE, KID, I THINK I'M GONNA ENJOY THIS!

THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY! HOW'D THEY FIND OUT ABOUT THIS?



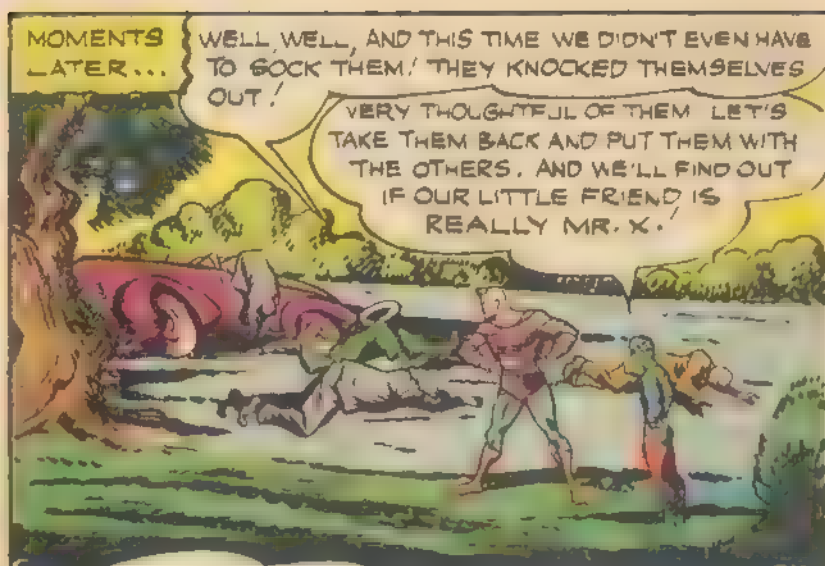






I THINK NOT STRIPESY
LOOK AT THAT!

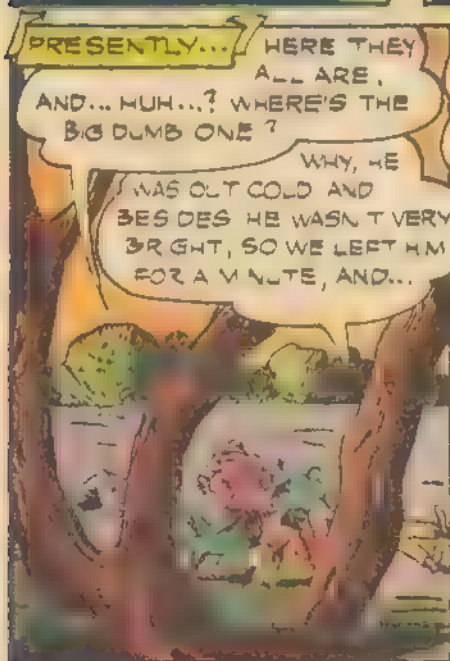
YIII...
AAAAA...



MOMENTS
LATER...

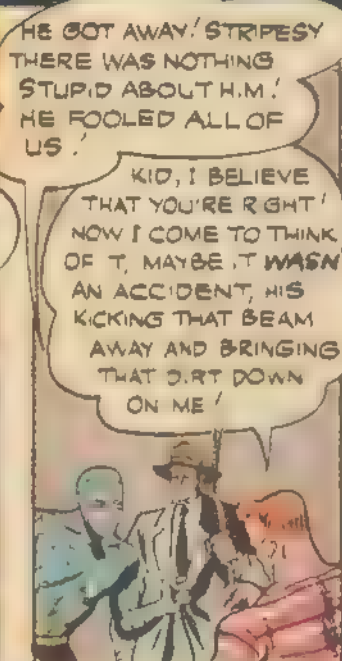
WELL, WELL, AND THIS TIME WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE
TO SOCK THEM! THEY KNOCKED THEMSELVES
OUT!

VERY THOUGHTFUL OF THEM! LET'S
TAKE THEM BACK AND PUT THEM WITH
THE OTHERS. AND WE'LL FIND OUT
IF OUR LITTLE FRIEND IS
REALLY MR. X.



PRESENTLY... HERE THEY
ALL ARE,
AND... HUH...? WHERE'S THE
BIG DUMB ONE?

WHY, HE
WAS OUT COLD AND
BESIDES HE WASN'T VERY
BRIGHT, SO WE LEFT HIM
FOR A MINUTE, AND...



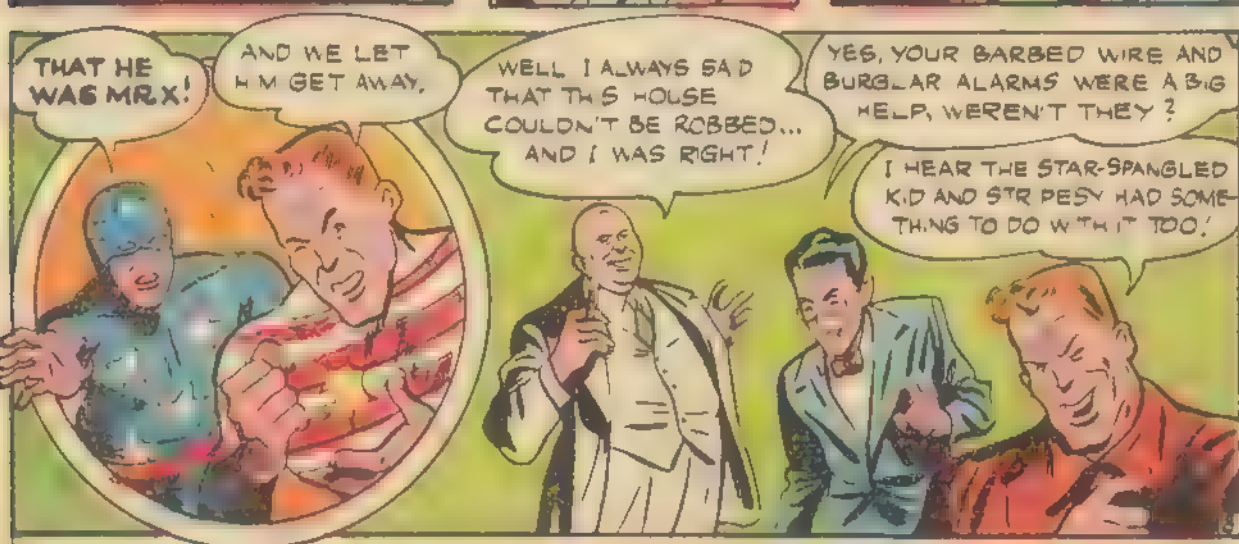
HE GOT AWAY! STRIPESY
THERE WAS NOTHING
STUPID ABOUT H.M.!
HE FOOLED ALL OF
US!

KID, I BELIEVE
THAT YOU'RE RIGHT!
NOW I COME TO THINK
OF IT, MAYBE IT WASN'T
AN ACCIDENT, HIS
KICKING THAT BEAM
AWAY AND BRINGING
THAT DIRT DOWN
ON ME!



AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT,
HE WAS THE GUY THAT SUGGESTED
A TUNNEL TO THE HOUSE, WITH
THAT CRACK ABOUT O.G.G.N' TO
CHINA! AN' I THOUGHT HE DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT HE WAS
TALKIN' ABOUT.

YES, WE'VE
ALL MISJUDGED
HIM! LOOKING
BACK, IT SEEMS
OBVIOUS...



THAT HE
WAS MR. X!

AND WE LET
HIM GET AWAY.

WELL I ALWAYS SAID
THAT THIS HOUSE
COULDN'T BE ROBBED...
AND I WAS RIGHT!

YES, YOUR BARBED WIRE AND
BURGLAR ALARMS WERE A BIG
HELP, WEREN'T THEY?

I HEAR THE STAR-SPANGLED
KID AND STRIPESY HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH IT TOO!

Chapter V

INTERLUDE - 'HOODLUMS' HIDEOUT

IN the spacious lobby of the palatial hotel, the silence was broken by a slow chuckle. "If it ain't Mr. X," grinned Red Heister. "Come back to tell us how you put one over on the Crimson Avenger?"

"And the Star Spangled Kid and Stripsey?" jeered Dodo the Dip. "I'm waitin' to hear how you-all hogtied the Vigilante," drawled Lazy Dyers, his slow voice full of malice.

The sardonic face of the master of disguises remained expressionless.

"I've failed," he admitted calmly. "I've failed three times. Possibly I've been a bit overconfident. I've been too careful to warn my opponents when I intended to commit a crime, too careless once I secured a temporary advantage over them.

"But at least I haven't failed completely. I've come close to success, and in each case I've escaped from my opponent at the end."

"You're no slouch, Mr. X," conceded Blackie Kraul. "You had some good ideas, and against opposition that wasn't so high class, you'd have made out okay. But these babies are too much for you."

"Do you think so?" Mr. X turned a curious gaze on Blackie, and the uneasy thug squirmed under the glance. The two burning eyes that drilled into his made him think of the frightening face that might be hidden under the mask, and the thought sent shivers down his spine. His own eyes dropped and he muttered:

"Now, if you wanta call them other bets off . . ."

"The bets stand! But it's strange that you should have wanted to call them off. It's almost as if you'd heard my plans for the Shining Knight. "Mr. X smiled sadly. "Poor fellows."

Blackie swallowed anxiously.

Ten thousand dollars of his was riding on the Shining Knight. And from the way Mr. X spoke, that ten thousand dollars was as good as lost.

"Don't try to kid me, pal," he said nervously. "The Shining Knight can take care of himself. He's stood up against some mighty tough hombres in his time. He ain't scared of no man alive."

"No man, perhaps." Again Mr. X smiled, showing white sharp teeth. "But there are certain animals . . ."

Blackie straightened up in alarm. "What do ya mean, animals?"

Mr. X leaned toward him, whispered. To the others, watching curiously, it was a shock to see Blackie turn pale. "You see," said Mr. X pleasantly, "he doesn't stand a chance."

Blackie gulped. "That depends. The Knight ain't no fool. Like I said he knows how to look out for himself."

"Ah, you wouldn't say that if you knew my entire plan." Again Mr. X leaned toward the burly thug, again his lips moved, his words inaudible to the others.

"Of course, Blackie," observed Mr. X in conclusion, "you won't say a thing about this to anybody. This is entirely between you and me."

"I'll keep me mouth shut."

"That's good of you," Mr. X faced the others. "You will excuse me gentlemen. I must write a letter and be up early tomorrow morning to arrange my plans for the man of yesterday. I think that before I'm through with him, he'll wish he was back where he came from."

He sat down at a desk some distance away and the others began to talk normally once more, as if a weight had been lifted from their minds.

But Blackie could not join in the conversation. What Mr.

X had told him weighed on his mind. The Shining Knight was a doomed man and with him, Blackie's ten thousand dollars.

Slowly the others drifted away, until only Blackie and Mr. X were left. The latter seemed to be writing slowly. Then he too departed, and Blackie was alone, to pace up and down irritably, puffing on endless cigarettes. The lights in the different rooms winked out . . . and still Blackie prowled the lobby restlessly, unable to come to a decision.

He had never in his life squealed on a pal. There was nothing he despised more than a stoolpigeon. But never had the temptation to squeal been so strong. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow as the battle went on within him.

"It ain't like squealin' to the cops," he muttered to himself. "And it ain't like I was turnin' Mr. X in. It's just that I'll spoil his scheme, that's all."

But underneath, he was not deceiving himself. For, in order to give the Shining Knight information of any value, he would have to reveal enough about Mr. X's plans to make sure of their failure. And if those plans were ruined, Mr. X stood a good chance of being caught. His luck couldn't hold forever.

In the hotel, all was silent. Finally, Blackie growled savagely to himself. He had made up his mind.

Sitting down at a desk in the lobby, he carefully selected a sheet of paper. There was no letterhead on the white sheet, no printed matter by which to identify the hotel. Writing slowly and laboriously, he penned his message. Under the best of conditions, Blackie wrote with almost painful difficulty, and now, what with the necessity of disguising his handwriting,

S U P E R M A N D C C O M I C M A G A Z I N E S

Abstract

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

□ □ □ □ □

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study
University of Pittsburgh

UD 2004 01 11 11

Department of Educational Psychology
Teachers College Columbia University

Department of English Literature
New York University

Executive Board Boy Scout Foundation
and Member Board of Directors
Catholic Youth Organization

the ink almost dried under his pen before it had completed two words. Nevertheless, he persisted.

When he had finished, he sat back and regarded the product of his labors. No chance of the Knight falling into Mr. X's trap now, he thought grimly.

Now he produced two envelopes; one larger than the other. The outer one, in handwriting that he did not bother to disguise, he addressed to a friend of his. The inner one he addressed to Professor Moresby. All the world knew that the Professor told ways of reaching the Shining Knight.

The message he had so laboriously spelled out he placed, within this inner envelope which he then sealed and stamped. The inner envelope, along with a short note, he placed in the large envelope.

The idea behind this procedure was simple. The large letter would first reach the friend, who would then remind the smaller letter to Professor Morsey. In this way, neither the Professor nor the Shining Knight would ever catch sight of the postmark of the nearby village which might give them a clue to the hideout. Nor would Mr. X, for that matter, ever be able to prove that it was Blah who had betrayed him.

His letter finished, Black listened intently for a moment. The hotel was still quiet. Mr. X, no matter what strange powers he possessed, required sleep like any other man.

Blackie slipped out into the night. The moon overhead lighted the narrow path that led down the mountainside.

He moved cautiously, a black soundless shadow that was the only living thing in sight.

Unexpected rocks tripped him, brambles tore at his clothes. But he went swiftly for all that, and in little more than an hour he was at the nearby village, its tiny cluster of houses slumbering in the moonlight.

Not a soul was about. The shutter of the village letter box swung open then shut again. Blackie's letter was in the mail.

With the same silence he had shown previously, he slipped back into the shadows, then began the slow climb up the mountainside and back toward the hotel again.

In the hotel sitting behind drawn shades, Mr. X looked through the narrow space at the side, he could see Blackie fearfully scrambling down the trail. He watched him to make sure Blackie did not turn back, then walked quickly out into the hotel corridor.

The thick, luxurious rugs deadened his footsteps as he descended into the lobby. At the writing desk, he found everything as he had expected. Where there had been seventeen envelopes, eight large and nine small, there were now only two sheets of letter paper. The rest were missing.

From beneath the blotter he removed a thin sheet of carbon paper, as well as a thicker sheet both extending to the edge of the blotter. Because of Blackie's heavy-handed use of the pen, there was no difficulty in reading what he had written.

Mr X's lips curled. "Exactly as I expected him to do. The

fool! Didn't he realize I wouldn't reveal my *real* plans to any one?"

A moment later, Mr X climbed the stairs once more. From his room, some time afterward he watched Blackie returning. He smiled with satisfaction as he noted that Blackie no longer had the letter.

Next morning as Mr X took his seat in his plane, the others crowded around Blackie's face was innocent and friendly.

"So long pais," he said. "It'd cost me dough but if you'd fix the Shin n Knight's wagon, it'd be okay with me. I sure hate that guy."

"Thanks, Blackie," returned Mr. X. "I appreciate the way you feel."

The propeller became a droning blur, the plane taxied across the short landing field and into space. As it zoomed upward Mr. X grinned.

The idiot," he said, thinking of Blackie. "He's too stupid to understand why I told him my pretended plans. When I challenged the other Soldiers of Victory, I warned them where I intended to strike. This time Blackie, without realizing it, is doing the challenging for me. The Shining Knight learns nothing that I don't want him to know. Blackie gives him misleading information, sets him to watching for the wrong thing, distracts his attention from the right thing."

The plane settled down to level flight, the woods and valleys skimming past it far below.

"This," gloated Mr. X, "is one bet I can't lose!"

Starring The Shining Knight

Chapter 6

IT'S MORE THAN THE USUAL DANGERS THAT CONFRONT THE SHINING KNIGHT AS ONCE AGAIN THE MASTER OF DISGUISES ISSUES A CHALLENGE TO COMBAT. FOR THIS TIME, IT'S AN INDIRECT CHALLENGE, SLY AND SNEAKY, DESIGNED TO DELUDE. BUT THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY IS NEVER AN EASY VICTIM... AND HE FACES UNEXPECTED PERIL WITHOUT A QUALM, AS THE DABOLICAL MR. X PRESENTS...

"THE GORILLA AND THE GANGSTER!"



CRIME STRIKES AT MIDNIGHT... AND THOUGH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER SUSPECT NOTHING, THE CRIMINALS ARE GRIPPED BY LIKE **WIDE** FEAR.

LIKE **WIDE** FEAR. SQUARE JOHN SAID, THIS JOB IS FOOLPROOF... BUT ALL THE SAME, I DON'T LIKE IT.

YEAH, I'D RATHER WORK FOR AN HONEST LIVIN' DAN D'S.

WHY THE DESIGNATION FOR DISHONESTY? A SINGLE GLANCE REVEALS THE ANSWER.

OKAY GARGO, ... PULL THEM BARS APART.





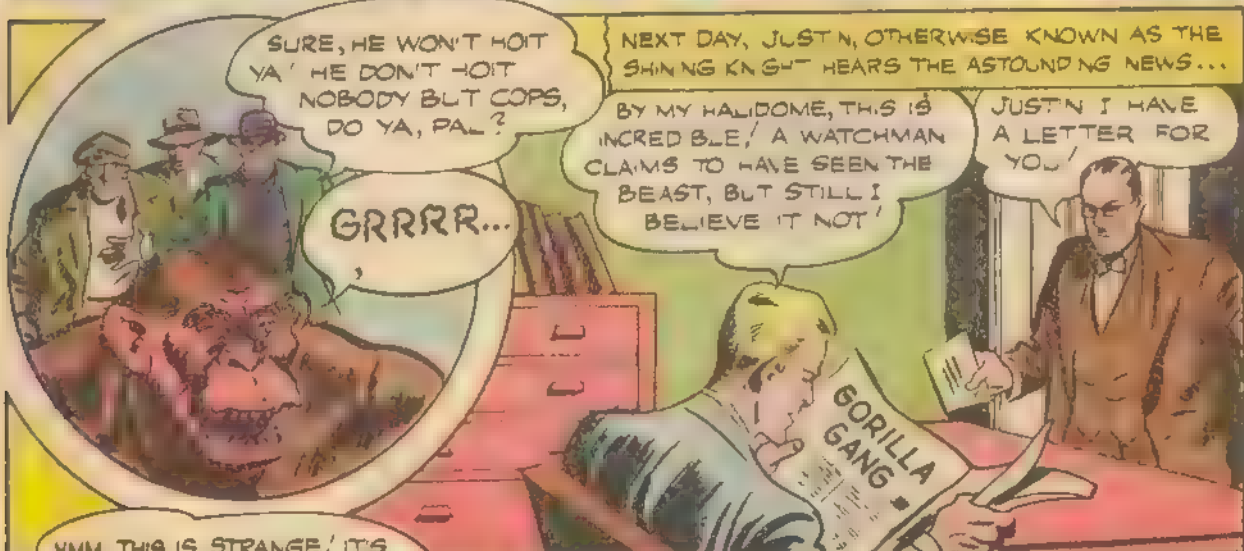
THE SHAGGY BEAST GRIPS THE TEMPERED STEEL... AND SECONDS LATER...

ATTABOY, GARGO... YOU MAKE ROBBIN' DIS PLACE A PLEASURE!



COME ON, BOYS, HOP IN AN' GET DA STUFF!

ARE YOU SURE THAT GOR LLA WON'T... WON'T...



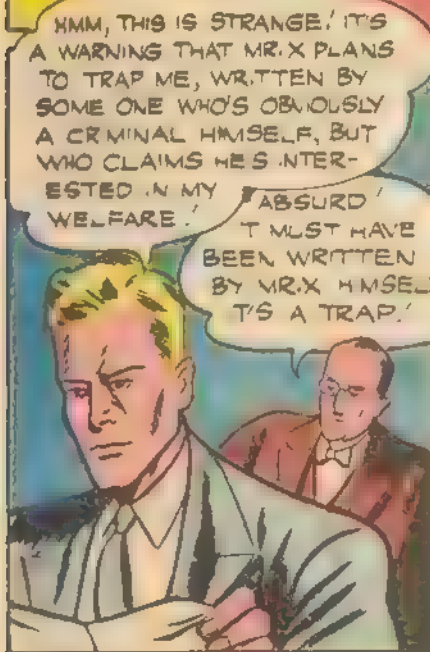
SURE, HE WON'T HOIT YA' HE DON'T HOIT NOBODY BUT COPS, DO YA, PAL?

GRRRR...

NEXT DAY, JUST N, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE SHINING KNIGHT HEARS THE ASTOUNDING NEWS...

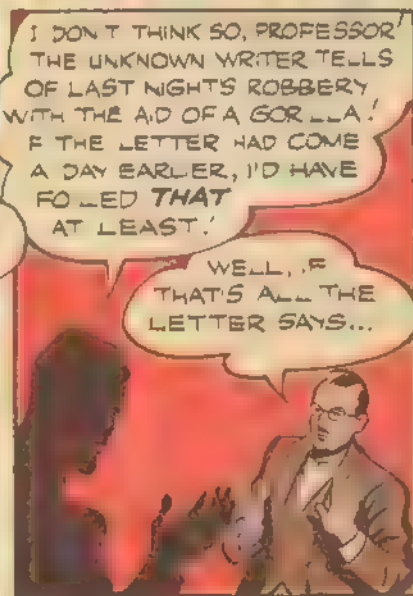
BY MY HALDOME, THIS IS INCREDIBLE! A WATCHMAN CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN THE BEAST, BUT STILL I BELIEVE IT NOT!

JUST N I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU!



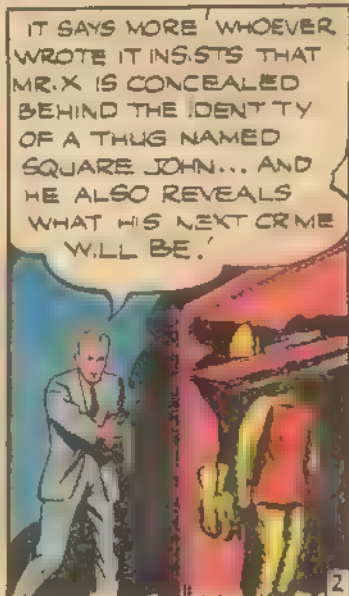
HMM, THIS IS STRANGE! IT'S A WARNING THAT MR. X PLANS TO TRAP ME, WRITTEN BY SOME ONE WHO'S OBVIOUSLY A CRIMINAL HIMSELF, BUT WHO CLAIMS HE'S INTERESTED IN MY WELFARE!

ABSURD! IT MUST HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY MR. X HIMSELF. IT'S A TRAP!



I DON'T THINK SO, PROFESSOR! THE UNKNOWN WRITER TELLS OF LAST NIGHT'S ROBBERY, WITH THE AID OF A GORILLA! IF THE LETTER HAD COME A DAY EARLIER, I'D HAVE FOILED THAT AT LEAST!

WELL, IF THAT'S ALL THE LETTER SAYS...



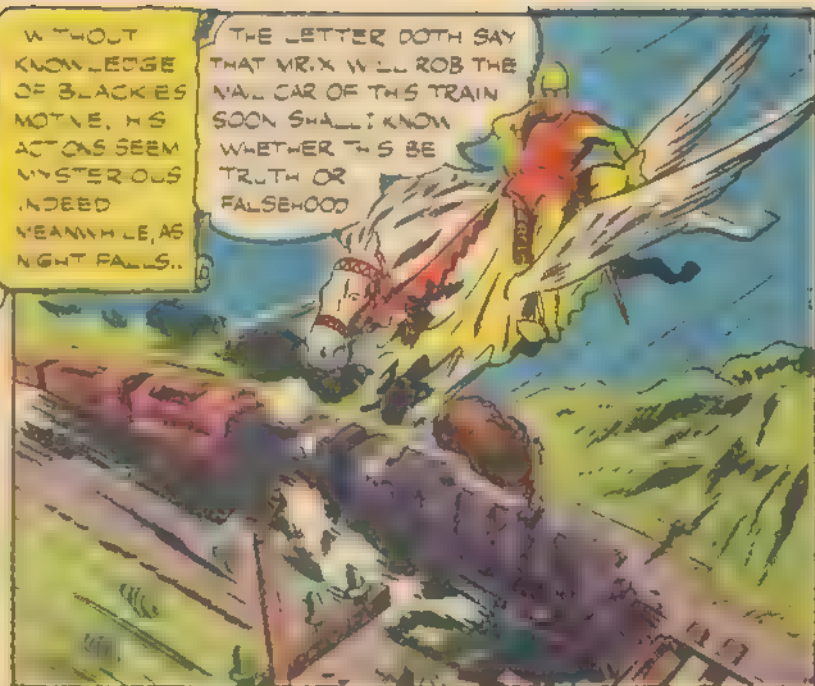
IT SAYS MORE! WHOEVER WROTE IT INSISTS THAT MR. X IS CONCEALED BEHIND THE IDENTITY OF A THUG NAMED SQUARE JOHN... AND HE ALSO REVEALS WHAT HIS NEXT CRIME WILL BE!



LATER, I SHALL TRY TO TRACE THE LETTER, BUT AT PRESENT I MUST HEED THE WARNING

...HMM, I SUPPLY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. ONLY A CROOK WOULD KNOW MR X'S PLANS... BUT WHAT CROOK WOULD WARN THE SHINING KNIGHT?

WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE OF BLACKIE'S MOTIVE, HIS ACTIONS SEEM MYSTERIOUS. INDEED, NEANWHILE, AS NIGHT FALLS...



THE LETTER DOOTH SAY THAT MR X WILL ROB THE MAIL CAR OF THIS TRAIN SOON. SHALL I KNOW WHETHER THIS BE TRUTH OR FALSEHOOD



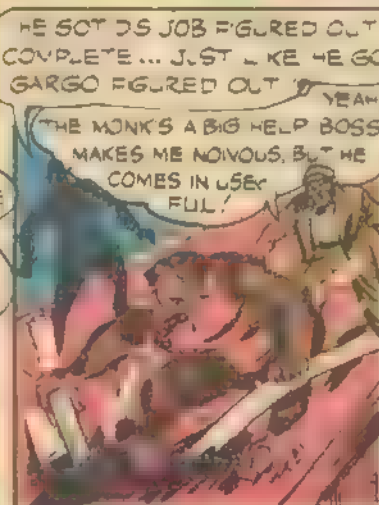
IF THE SHINING KNIGHT HAD BEEN A LITTLE EARLIER, HE MIGHT HAVE SEEN...

LUCKY THE TRAIN SLOWED DOWN NEAR THAT BRIDGE. WE WAS HANGIN' FROM, SQUARE JOHN.

LUCK ME EYE! MR X HAD TALL FIGURED DAT GUY DON'T LEAVE NOTHIN TO CHANCE.

HE GOT HIS JOB FIGURED OUT COMPLETE... JUST LIKE HE GOT GARGO FIGURED OUT.

YEAH, THE MONK'S A BIG HELP. BOSS'HE MAKES ME NOIVOUS, BUT HE COMES IN USEFUL.



NEXT MOMENT WITHIN THE MAIL CAR...

RELAX, CHUM, RELAX, OR I'LL HAVE GARGO GIVE YA A WORK-OUT. I'M AFTER THAT REGISTERED MAIL AND I'M GONNA GET IT.

K-KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME.



JUST THEN, HO, THERE VICTORY, METHINKS THE KNAYES ARE HERE. NOW MUST I LEAVE THEE AND RELY ON MY TRUSTY SWORD.



HOLD, VILLAINS! STAY YOUR VILE HANDS FROM PILLAGING.

THE SHININ' KNIGHT.

HA! MR X SAID HE'D SHOW UP.





MR. X SAD...? ART SURE
THOU DOST NOT TALK
TO THYSELF?

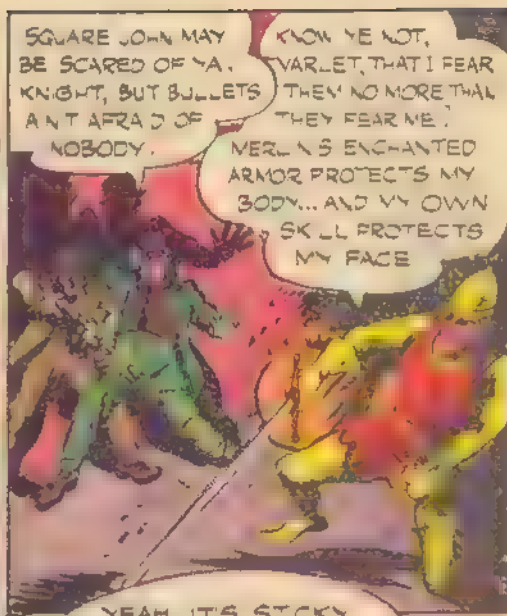
STAY AWAY
FROM ME, KNIGHT,
IF YA KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YA!



THE CHALLENGE SERVES
AS A SPUR...!

I KNOW WHAT IS
GOOD FOR ME, SRRRAH--
THE UNMASKING OF
MR. X!

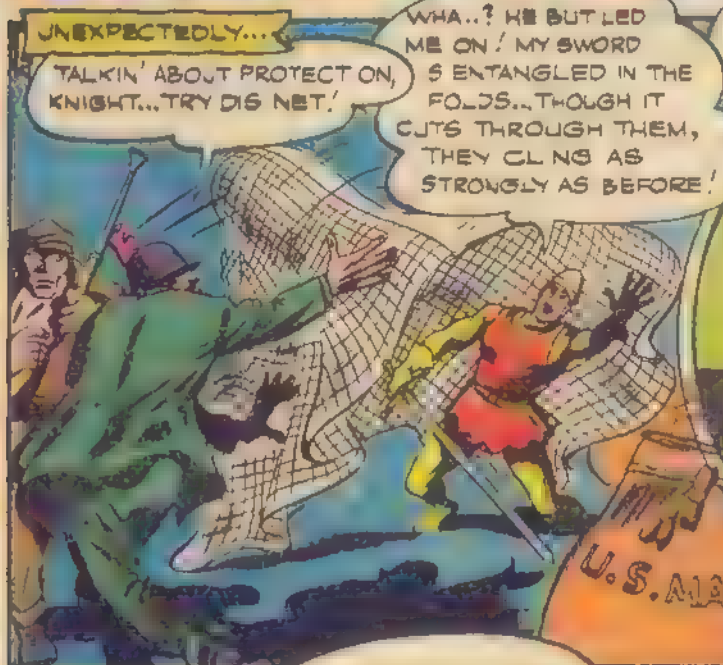
YOU'LL
NEVER DO THAT,
KNIGHT!



SQUARE JOHN MAY
BE SCARED OF YA.
KNIGHT, BUT BULLETS
ANT AFRAID OF
NOBODY.

KNOW YE NOT,
VARLET, THAT I FEAR
THEY NO MORE THAN
THEY FEAR ME?

MERLIN'S ENCHANTED
ARMOR PROTECTS MY
BODY... AND MY OWN
SKILL PROTECTS
MY FACE



UNEXPECTEDLY...

TALKIN' ABOUT PROTECTION,
KNIGHT... TRY DIS NET!

WHAA...? HE BUT LED
ME ON! MY SWORD
S ENTANGLED IN THE
FOLDS... THOUGH IT
CUTS THROUGH THEM,
THEY CLING AS
STRONGLY AS BEFORE!



YEAH, IT'S STICKY
STUFF MADE OUTTA SUMPIN'
LIKE MOLASSES. TRUST
MR. X TO THINK OF A CLEVER
ONE LIKE THAT.



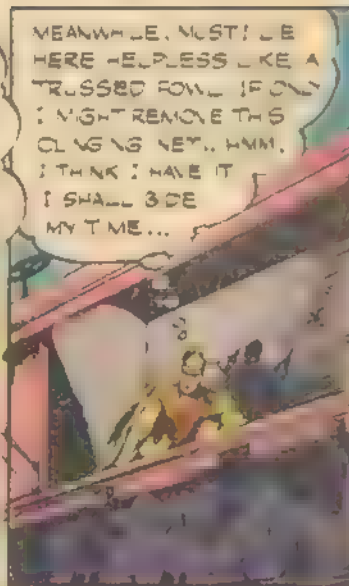
AND NOW,
AS THE
KNIGHT
WATCHES
HELPLESS-
LY...

WE STOP AT A HICK
STATION IN A LITTLE WHILE TO
CHANGE ENGINES, AND WE GOTTA
BE READY TO TOSS DA STUFF
OLT WHEN WE GET THERE!
MAKE IT SNAPPY,
BOYS!

THOU ART A
CLEVER ROGUE, MR. X...
THE LETTER WAS A
TRAP AFTER ALL



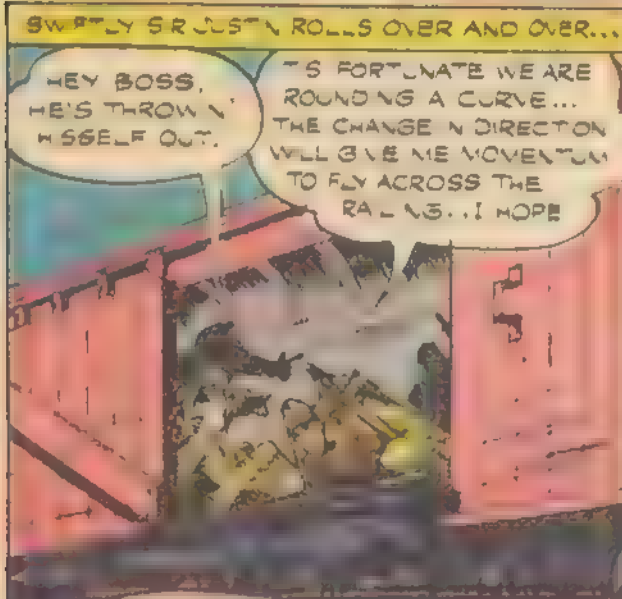
LETTER...? CAN'T BE
WHAT HE DOES NOT
LETTER? KNOW? BUT IF
HE IS MIA, HE
WILL CONFESS
NOTHING... MAYHAP
THAT'S THE
EXPLANATION



MEANWHILE, MUST LIE
HERE HELPLESS LIKE A
TRUSSED FOWL IF ONLY
I MIGHT REMOVE THIS
CLUNGING NET... HMM,
I THINK I HAVE IT
I SHALL SAVE
MY TIME...



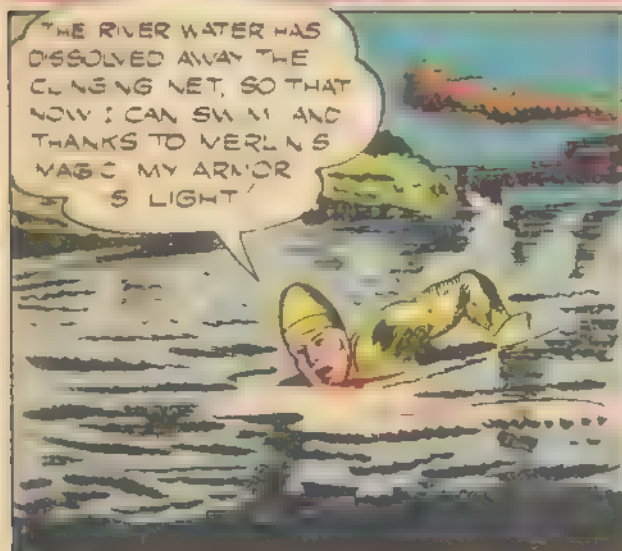
PRESENTLY AS THE SPEEDING TRAIN
THUNDERS OVER A NARROW BRIDGE...
HERE 'TIS NOW
I MUST ACT RIGHT
SWIFTLY



SWIFTLY SROUSTEN ROLLS OVER AND OVER...
HEY BOSS,
HE'S THROWING
HIMSELF OUT.
'TIS FORTUNATE WE ARE
ROUNDING A CURVE...
THE CHANGE IN DIRECTION
WILL GIVE ME MOMENTUM
TO FLY ACROSS THE
RAILS... I HOPE



HE'S FALLEN
INTO THE RIVER
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
GONNA DROWN. TOO
BAD ABOUT IT. HAH
HAH
SO THANK
THEY...



THE RIVER WATER HAS
DISSOLVED AWAY THE
CLUNGING NET, SO THAT
NOW I CAN SWIM AND
THANKS TO MERLIN'S
MAGIC MY ARMOR
IS LIGHT



NOW TO SUMMON
VICTORY AND OVERTAKE
THE THIEVES. THEY
WILL NOT EXPECT
ME AT THE NEXT
STOP.

WINGED VICTORY'S MIGHTY PINIONS DEVOUR THE MILES WITH THE SPEED OF THE SWIFTEST PLANE! AND SHORTLY...

HOW D' THINGS GO, BOYS?

LIKE CLOCKWORK, THE SHININ' KNIGHT SHOWED UP. BUT WE WAS READY FOR HIM!

HEY, BOSS HE'S BACK

EEEEHH... LET GO OF ME!

TO THY SORROW, KNAVE!

THE SOUND OF THE FRAY BRINGS STARTLED CONSTABLES... BUT NOT TO AID SIR JUSTIN!

GOSHAMIGHTY, IT'S THE SHININ' KNIGHT! THINK WE OUGHTTA LEND HIM A HAND?

WE DON'T NEED IT, WE'D BETTER SEE IF WE CAN'T PICK UP SOME POINTERS!

JEEPERS, HE DONE THAT SO FAST I DIDN'T SEE... HEY, JOSH, WHERE ARE YOU?

AS THOU WILT, ROGUE!

OWWW... NOT LIKE THAT!

OVER HERE! I FOUND A WAY TO HELP THE KNIGHT AFTER ALL!

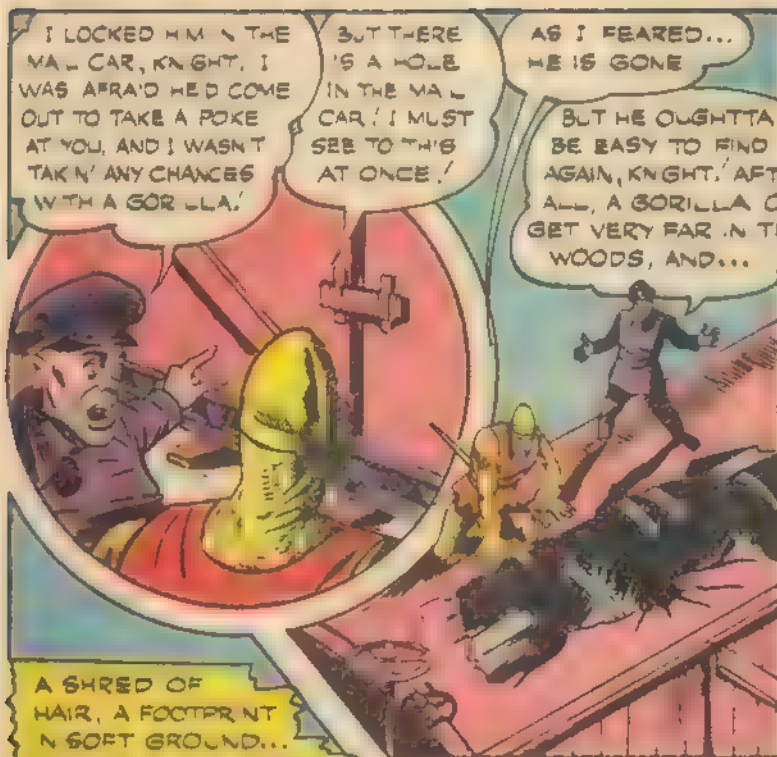
AS THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE ENDS WITH UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER...

DON'T HIT ME AGAIN, KNIGHT, I GOT ENOUGH, I GIVE UP!

IT'S FORTUNATE FOR THEE! I WAS ABOUT TO REPAY THEE, MR. X, FOR THY MANY CRIMES!

YOU KEEP CALLIN' ME MR. X... BUT I AIN'T! I JUST GET ORDERS FROM HIM AN' DO WHAT HE TELLS ME!

HMM, I THOUGHT THOU WOULDST DENY IT! STILL, IF THOU ART INDEED HE, 'T'WILL BE USELESS... HOLD, WHERE'S THE APE?



I LOCKED HIM IN THE
MALL CAR, KNIGHT, I
WAS AFRAID HE'D COME
OUT TO TAKE A POKE
AT YOU, AND I WASN'T
TAKIN' ANY CHANCES
WITH A GORILLA!

BUT THERE
IS A HOLE
IN THE MALL
CAR! I MUST
SEE TO THIS
AT ONCE!

AS I FEARED...
HE IS GONE

BUT HE OUGHTTA
BE EASY TO FIND
AGAIN, KNIGHT, AFTER
ALL, A GORILLA COULDN'T
GET VERY FAR IN THESE
WOODS, AND...



HMM...? YOU
AIN'T PAYIN' ATTENTION!

I HAVE JUST
REALIZED... IT'S
ONLY THE LETTER
THAT CLAIMED
SQUARE JOHN IS
MR. X. AND TOO MUCH
BELIEF IN THE LETTER
LED TO MY BEING
TRAPPED IN THAT NET!
HMM... I MUST FIND
THAT APE!

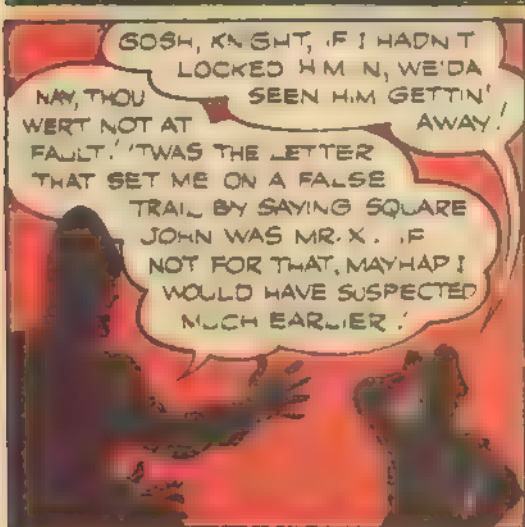
AND WITH THIS HE PERFORMED
HIS FEATS OF STRENGTH! NO
WONDER HIS ROGUES DID
NOT SUSPECT HIM!



A SHRED OF
HAIR, A FOOTPRINT
IN SOFT GROUND...
TRAILING CLUES GUIDE
THE KEEN-EYED SR JUST
TO A STRANGE SCENE...

LOOK, KNIGHT, THE
GORILLA'S SKIN!
THERE MUST HAVE BEEN
A MAN WEARIN' TALL
THE TIME!

VERILY, THE
GORILLA WAS
MR. X.!



GOSH, KNIGHT, IF I HADN'T
LOCKED HIM IN, WE'DA
SEEN HIM GETTIN' AWAY!
NAY, THOU WERT NOT AT
FAULT! 'T WAS THE LETTER
THAT SET ME ON A FALSE
TRAIL BY SAYING SQUARE
JOHN WAS MR. X. IF
NOT FOR THAT, MAYHAP I
WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED
MUCH EARLIER!



VERILY, THE
LETTER HAS DONE
ME MUCH DAMAGE...
AND YET, METHINKS
IT CAN HELP ME
TOO! YES, I THINK
I SEE A WAY!

MR. X HAS LOST
ANOTHER BET!
BUT HE IS STILL
AT LIBERTY...
A STATE OF
AFFAIRS,
JUDGING FROM
THE SHINING
KNIGHT'S LAST
REMARK,
DESTINED NOT
TO LAST TOO
LONG!
LET US SEE...



CHAPTER 7

THE TRICK OF PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF A TOP HAT IS THE HALL-MARK OF EVERY MAGICIAN! BUT HERE WE HAVE A WONDER-WORKER WHOSE GOAL IS BOODLE, NOT BUSINESS. AND WHEN A SLEIGHT OF HAND LEADS HIM TO MAKE A SLIGHT SLIP, UNEXPECTEDLY CONJURING UP THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY, IT BECOMES NECESSARY TO INCLUDE AN EMERGENCY DISAPPEARING ACT IN THE PERFORMANCE OF...

Starting The GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY

Inco the Unknown!

BEFORE A GAME THROWS THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY CHALLENGE DEATH AS THEY SEEK TO BRING A VICIOUS KILLER TO JUSTICE

THE GAMES UP KILLER. DON'T TRY TO REACH FOR THAT GUN.

YOU WIN GREEN ARROW. I SURRENDER

SUDDENLY A QUICK TREACHEROUS MOVE...

EEHH. WATCH OUT GREEN ARROW

HA HA. YA DIDN'T KNOW I HAD ANOTHER GUN UP MY SLEEVE DD YA?

BANG



BUT WITH THE SPEED OF THE BULLET ITSELF THE WIZARD ARCHERS ACT...

LUCKY FOR ONE OF US HE MISSED, SPEEDY!

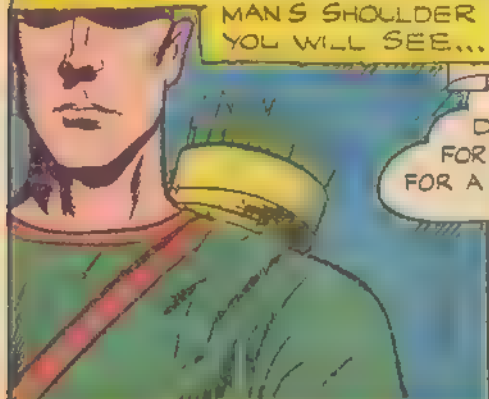
AAAA....

YIIII!

YOUR SNEAK-GUN TRICK DIDN'T WORK, DID IT?

BUT THE BULLET DID NOT MISS COMPLETELY! LOOK CLOSELY, AND UPON THE MASTER MARKSMAN'S SHOULDER YOU WILL SEE...

LATER, WHEN THE BOWMEN CHANGE ONCE MORE INTO STREET COSTUME, THESE FEATHERS WILL DRIFT AIMLESSLY IN THE AIR, THEN SETTLE DOWN AGAIN... WHERE, WE SHALL NOT REVEAL JUST YET!



WELL, OLIVER, WE'VE DONE OUR GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY! I COULD GO FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION!

YES, WE BETTER GET INTO CONDITION TO MEET MR. X. HE'S MET ALL THE OTHER SOLDIERS OF VICTORY... IT MUST BE OUR TURN NEXT! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT THIS TIME HE DOESN'T ESCAPE!



GREEN FEATHERS, TORN FROM THEIR ARROW BY THE CRIMINAL'S SLUG!

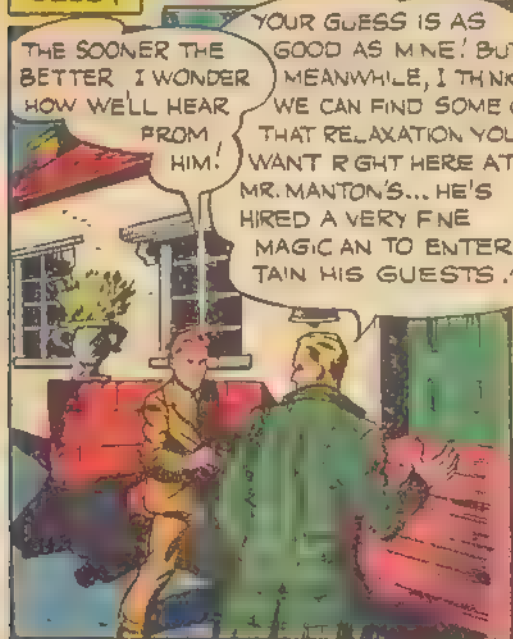
YES, A VERY FINE MAGICIAN... INCO THE UNKNOWN, WHO MIGHT POSSIBLY ANSWER TO THE NAME OF... MR. X!

THE SOONER THE BETTER I WONDER HOW WE'LL HEAR FROM HIM!

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! BUT MEANWHILE, I THINK WE CAN FIND SOME OF THAT RELAXATION YOU WANT RIGHT HERE AT MR. MANTON'S... HE'S HIRED A VERY FINE MAGICIAN TO ENTERTAIN HIS GUESTS!

SO YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE YOUR WATCH BACK, MR. DORGAN?

YES, IT'S A FAMILY HEIRLOOM, AND I'D HATE TO LOSE IT!





I SEE
WELL, HERE
IT IS!

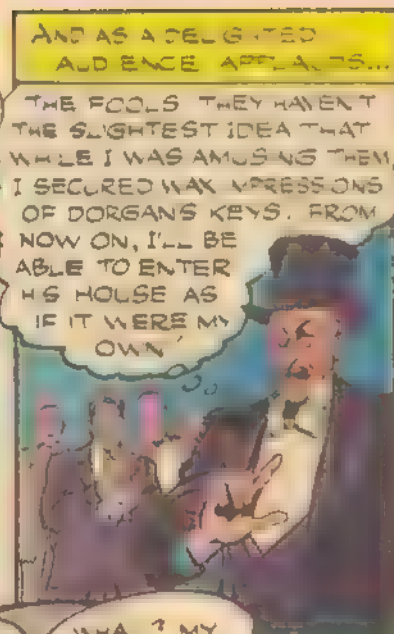
HUH...? THAT SNT...
WHY, MY WATCH IS
GOLD AND ENCRUSTED
WITH DIAMONDS!

ISNT THIS
DELIGHTFUL, MY
DEAR?



EXCUSE ME, I MADE
A MISTAKE!
IS THIS
YOUR
WATCH?

YES, YES,
THAT'S IT!
GIVE IT
TO ME!



AND AS A DELIGHTED
AUDIENCE APPLAUDS...

THE FOOLS THEY HAVEN'T
THE SLIGHTEST IDEA THAT
WHILE I WAS AMUSING THEM,
I SECURED WAX IMPRESSIONS
OF DORGAN'S KEYS. FROM
NOW ON, I'LL BE
ABLE TO ENTER
HIS HOUSE AS
IF IT WERE MY
OWN!



AS ROY AND OLIVER MOMENTARILY
FORGET ABOUT THEIR CRIMINAL
FOES...

EXCUSE
ME, MANTON. OLD CHAP,
THIS IS VASTLY ENTERTAINING,
BUT I MUST
LEAVE NOW!

ONE MOMENT, MR.
PONSONBY!
YOU CAN'T
GO YET!



I'M MISSING
ONE RABBIT, AND
I THINK YOU'VE
STOLEN IT!

WHA...? MY
DEAR FELLOW,
THIS IS ABSOLUTELY
ABSURD!



NOT AT ALL!
NOW, WHERE CAN
YOU HAVE HIDDEN
IT? AH, I THINK
I KNOW...



HERE,
IT IS!

BY JOVE,
FANCY THAT! I HAD
NO SUSPICION I WAS
CARRYING THE LITTLE
BEASTIE WITH ME!

YES, MR. PONSONBY HAS REASON TO BE SURPRISED! BUT WHY DOES INCO SEEM SO ASTOUNDED AT THE RESULT OF HIS OWN MAGIC!

THE IRONY OF FATE! A DESPERATE EFFORT BY A TRAPPED KILLER, A MISTAKE IN TOPCOATS BY A HURRIED BUTLER... AND POOR MR. PONSONBY FINDS HIMSELF THE FOCAL POINT OF MR. X'S GRIM PLANS!

PRESENTLY...

YES ROY NCO WAS CLEVER, AND... HUH...? WHAT'S THIS IN MY POCKET?

DON'T TELL ME NCO SLIPPED A RABBIT INTO YOUR COAT!

THUS, LADIES

AND GENTLEMEN, I CONCLUDE MY PROGRAM BUT I'VE GOT TO FOR THE EVENING.

I'M FINISHING EARLY, BUT I'VE GOT TO PREPARE FOR PONSONBY. WON'T HE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE LEARNS I KNOW HE'S THE GREEN ARROW.

A GREEN FEATHER! THEN PONSONBY MUST BE.../S... THE GREEN ARROW! WHAT A BREAK! I'VE BEEN HOPING TO GET ON HIS TRAIL... BUT THIS EXCEEDS MY HOPES!

NO, ROY, BUT I SEEM TO HAVE GOT PONSONBY'S COAT BY MISTAKE. IT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE MINE. I'D BETTER RETURN IT.

YES HE MAY WANT THOSE LETTERS

AS THE COMRADES APPROACH PONSONBY'S HOME...

SAY OLIVER, DID YOU NOT CE...

THESE THINGS FROM PRETTY BOY LLOYD'S GANG? YES, ROY... THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME DIRTY WORK AFOOT!

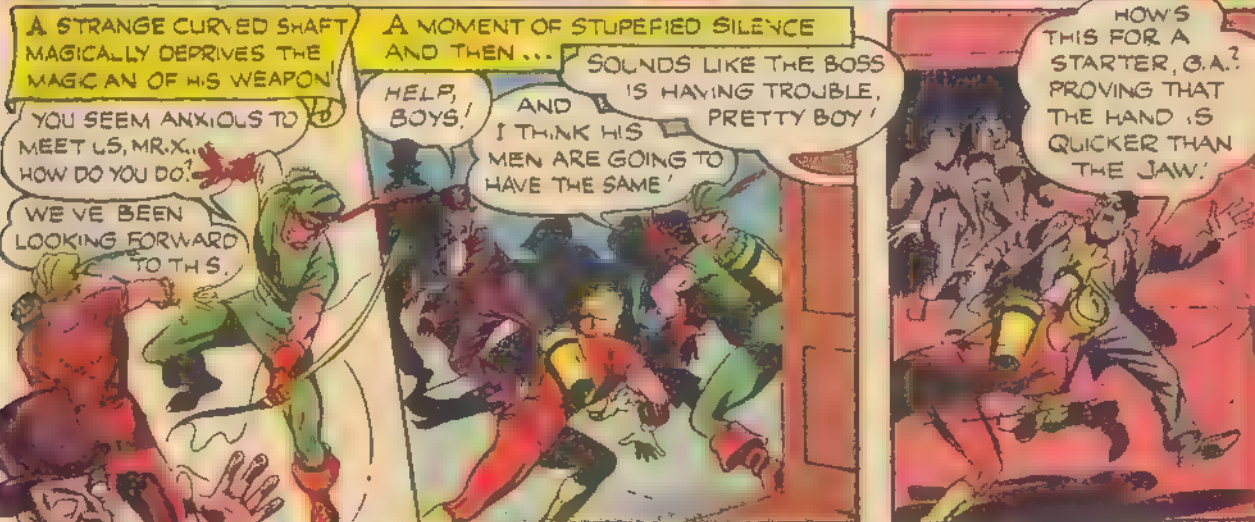
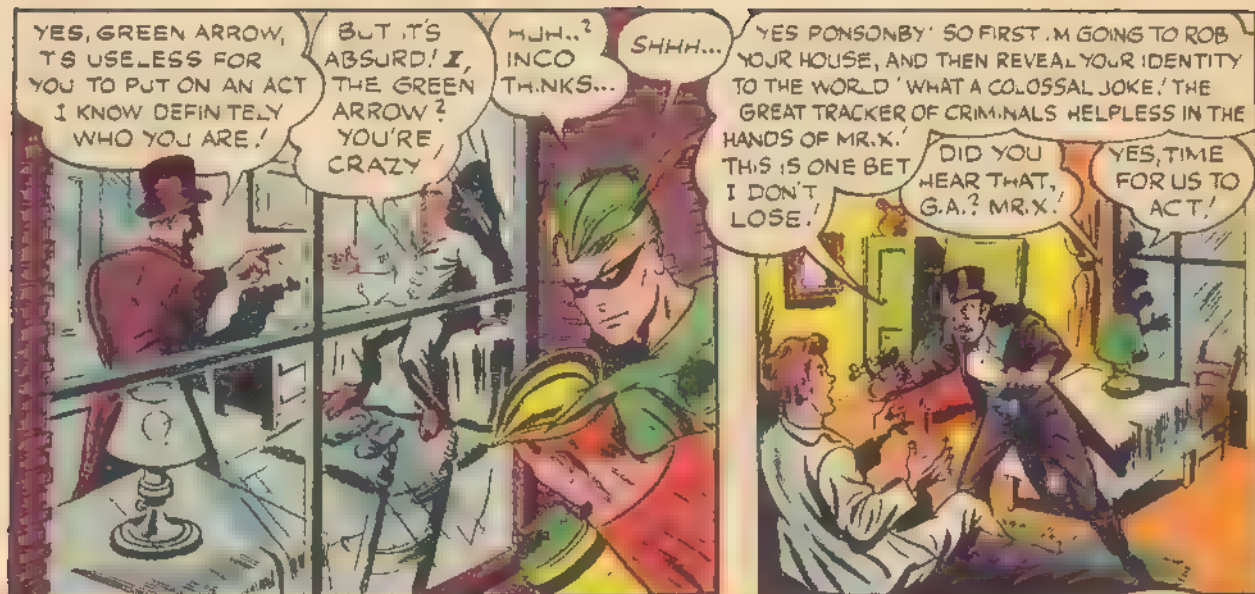
HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S STRANGE! JUDGING FROM THAT CAR, PONSONBY HAS A VISITOR... BUT HIS HOUSE IS DARK.

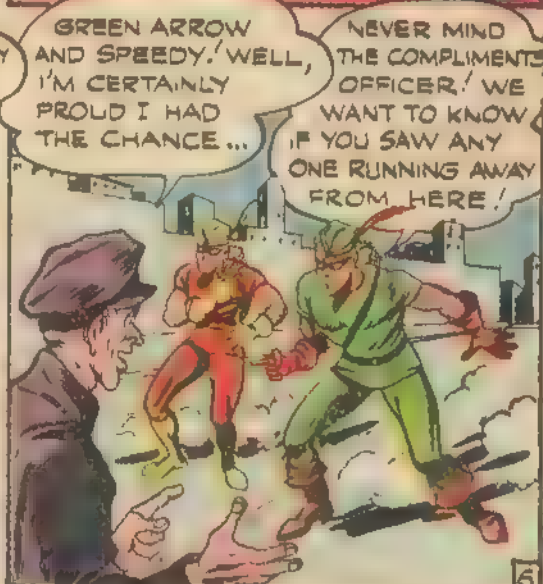
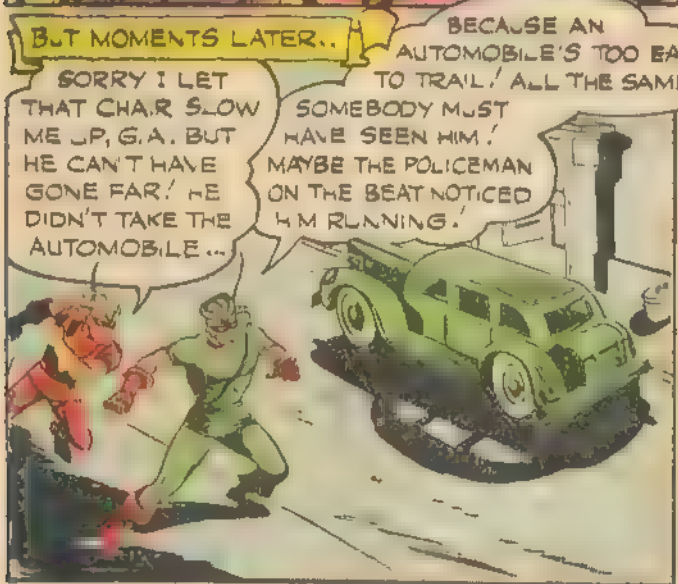
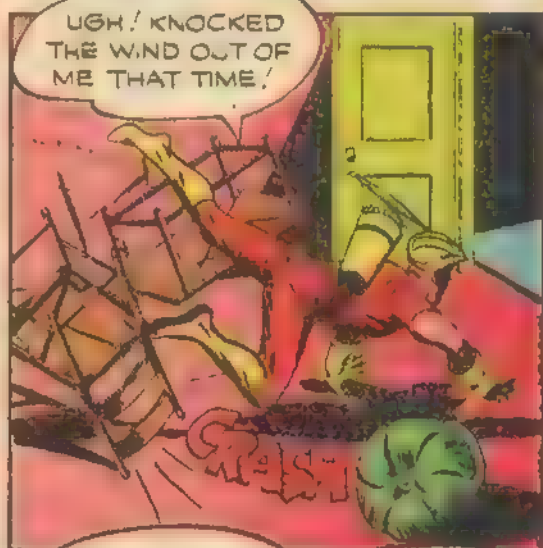
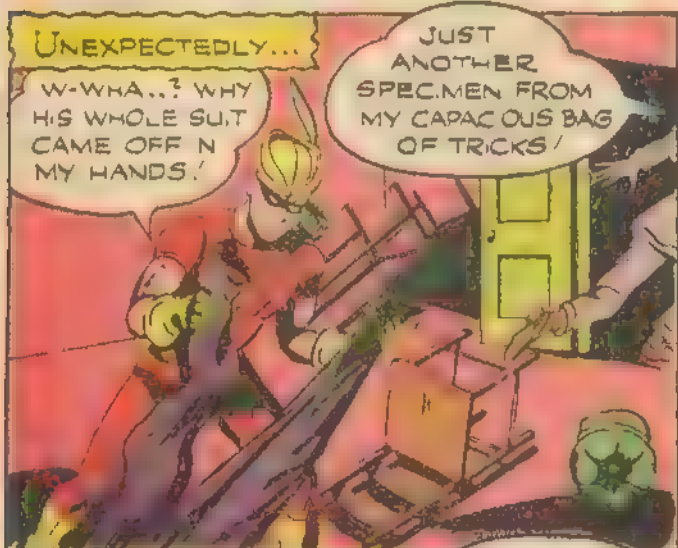
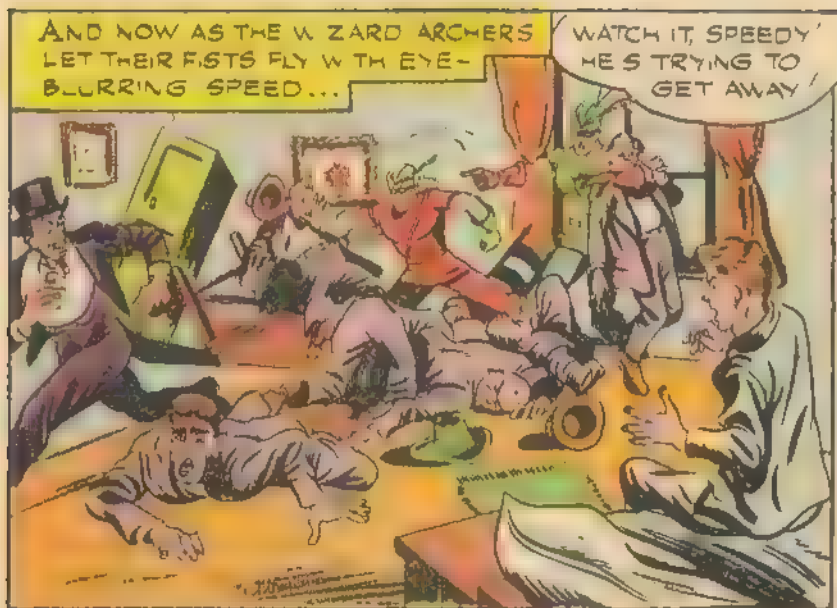
THIS DEMANDS INVESTIGATION! COME ON, ROY! OUR EQUIPMENT!

A SWIFT CHANGE IN THE SHADOWS, AND SECONDS LATER...

EASY SPEEDY... I HEAR VOICES!

SO DO I... AND THEY'RE BOTH FAMILIAR!

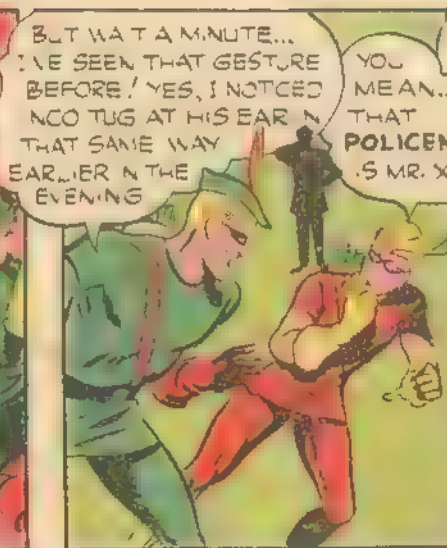






COME TO THINK OF IT, F.D.D. G.A. HE RAN DOWN THE NEXT STREET.

THANKS COME ON SPEEDY...



BUT WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE SEEN THAT GESTURE BEFORE! YES, I NOTICED NCO TUG AT HIS EAR IN THAT SAME WAY EARLIER IN THE EVENING

YOU MEAN... THAT POLICEMAN IS MR. X?

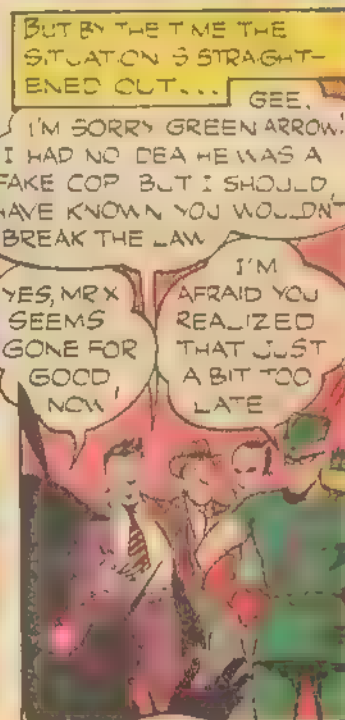


M PRETTY SURE OF IT... AND HE SEEMS TO AGREE WITH US I THINK HE'S FINISHED THIS TIME SPEEDY



YOU OUGHTTA KNOW YOU CAN'T GANG UP ON A COP AND GET AWAY WITH IT, CHUM!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

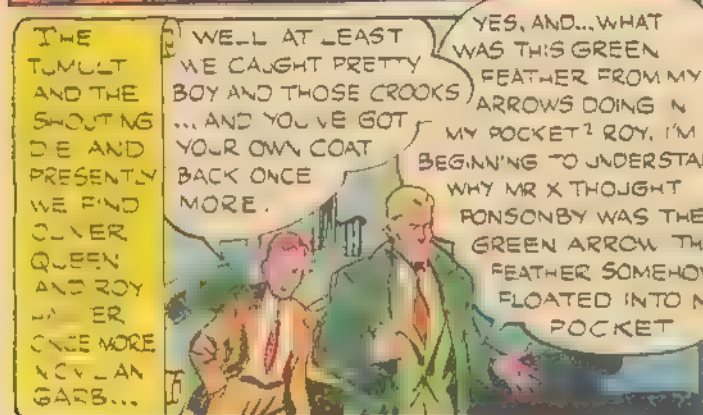


BUT BY THE TIME THE SITUATION'S STRAIGHTENED OUT... GEE,

I'M SORRY GREEN ARROW! I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS A FAKE COP BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULDN'T BREAK THE LAW

YES, MR. X SEEMS GONE FOR GOOD NOW!

I'M AFRAID YOU REALIZED THAT JUST A BIT TOO LATE



THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIED AND PRESENTLY WE FIND OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY LATER ONCE MORE NOW AN GARB...

WELL AT LEAST WE CAUGHT PRETTY BOY AND THOSE CROOKS... AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR OWN COAT BACK ONCE MORE.

YES, AND... WHAT WAS THIS GREEN FEATHER FROM MY ARROWS DOING IN MY POCKET? ROY, I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHY MR. X THOUGHT RONSONBY WAS THE GREEN ARROW THE FEATHER SOMEHOW FLOATED INTO MY POCKET

YES, HE MADE A MISTAKE THAT TIME BUT IT DIDN'T HELP US TO HOLD ON TO HIM! HE'S A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

SO SLIPPERY THAT HE'S NO LONGER OUR PERSONAL PROBLEM! ROY I'M SENDING OUT A CALL FOR THE REST OF THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY WE'LL ALL ATTACK HIM TOGETHER!



CHAPTER 8

QUICKLY RESPONDING TO THE GREEN ARROW'S CALL, THE LEGIONNAIRES

ASSEMBLE..

PARDNERS IT'S TIME WE WENT HUNTIN' THIS VARMINT INSTEAD OF WAITIN' FOR HIM TO TACKLE US.

BUT HOW'RE YA GONNA FIND THE GUY WHEN YA DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?

WE'LL HAVE TO PUT TOGETHER EVERY BIT OF INFORMATION WE HAVE! SPEEDY AND I, FOR INSTANCE, OBSERVED THAT HE TUGS AT HIS EAR IN A CERTAIN WAY WHEN HE'S PUZZLED



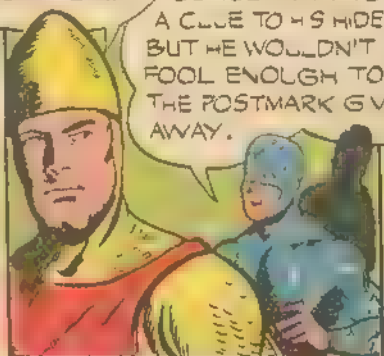
I KNOW SOMETHING ELSE, HE'S GOT A SCAR ACROSS HIS RIGHT WRIST! I NOTICED IT WHEN AS THE SANDWICH MAN HE HANDED ME THE INVITATION TO A CRIME.

AND FROM THE LETTER HE SENT ME, I CAN DEDUCE YET MORE! I KNOW NOT WHETHER IT WAS MR. X HIMSELF WHO WROTE IT... BUT IT MUST HAVE COME FROM SOMEONE CLOSE TO HIM.

MAY THERE WAS NO HELPFUL POSTMARK BUT I HAVE TRACED THE PAPER HE USED... AND IT WAS SOLD CHEEFLY IN THE SMALL TOWNS IN THE UPPER PART OF THE STATE!



SO YOU THINK IT'S A CLUE TO HIS HIDEOUT? BUT HE WOULDN'T BE FOOL ENOUGH TO LET THE POSTMARK GIVE HIM AWAY.



GOOD! HE'LL PROBABLY MAKE A BREAK FOR HIS HIDEOUT SOON! WE'LL HAVE TO WATCH THE ROAD THAT LEADS THERE!

AND THE BRANCH LINE OF THE RAILROAD THAT GOES THERE TOO, G.A.

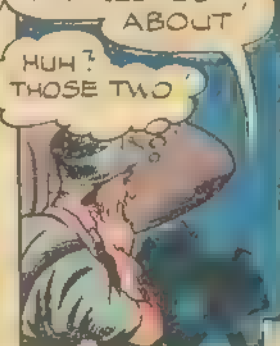
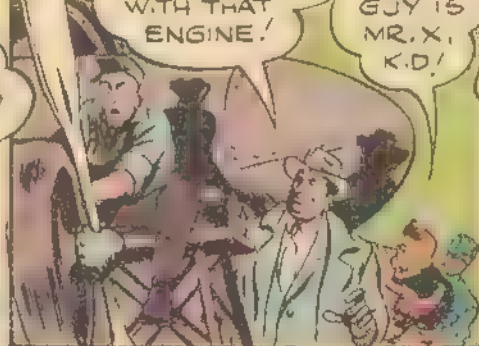
AFTER ARRANGING TO GET IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER, THE COMRADES SCATTER, AND SOON...

MY GOOD MAN, HURRY UP WITH THAT ENGINE!

MAYBE THAT FAT GUY IS MR. X, KID!

NO, BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MECHANIC! HE'S USING THE GESTURE THE GREEN ARROW WARNED US ABOUT!

HUH? THOSE TWO



AS THE COMRADES IN COMBAT SPRING INTO ACTION...

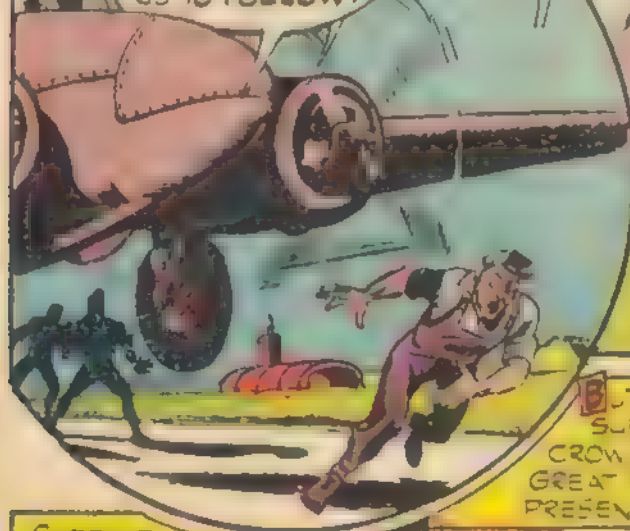
THE SAPPAL GET HIMSELF KILLED.

HOLD T STRIPES, HE'S TAKING A BIG CHANCE BUT IT WOULD BE PLAN SUICIDE FOR US TO FOLLOW!

THEY'RE ON MY TRAIN!

HE GOT AWAY KID HE MUSTA GOT HIMSELF LOST IN THE CROWD!

WE'LL HAVE TO INFORM THE OTHERS. HE MAY TRY TO ESCAPE BY TRAIN NEXT, AND THEY'LL HAVE TO WATCH CAREFULLY.



BUT THE PRESSURE OF THE CROWD IS TOO GREAT AND PRESENTLY...

THE GANT LOCOMOTIVE HOOTS THREATENINGLY THE GREAT WHEELS BEGIN TO ROLL THE TRAIN SQUEALS AND THE WESTERN WADDY BEGINS A PATENT SEARCH...

SUREND GUESS KO FOR SHORTLY AT A RAILROAD TICKET GATE...

STOP PUSHING.

THAT SCAR... ITS V.R.X. IF I CAN ONLY GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE...

COULDN'T GET HIM AT THE GATE SO WE HAVE TO TRY FINDING THE RATTLER ON THE TRAIN. LUCKY I HAD TIME TO WARN THE BOYS!

LOOK.. ITS THE VIGILANTE!

TOO BAD THESE FOLKS ARE SO INTERESTED IN ME. THEY'LL WARN THE MANGY COYOTE BUT I HOPE HE'S HERE TO BE WARNED

LATER AS THE LONG WINDING STEEL MONSTER BEGINS TO THREAD ITS WAY AMONG TREE-COVERED SLOPES...

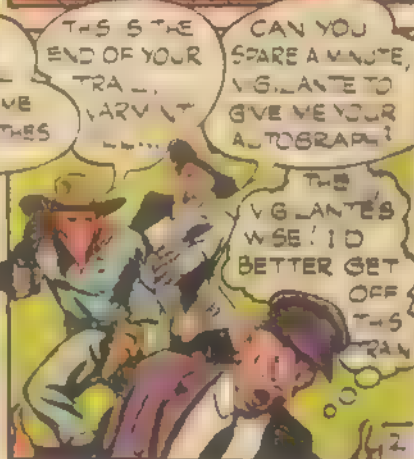
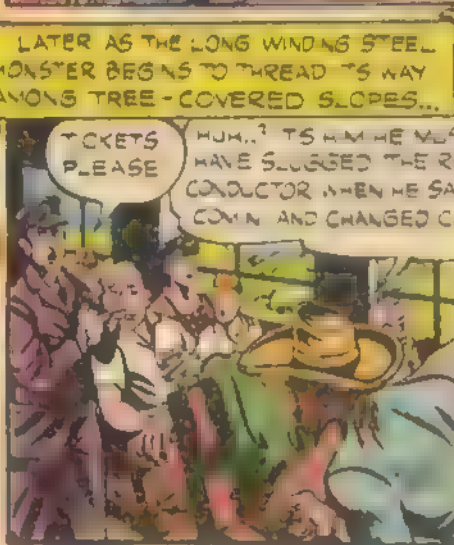
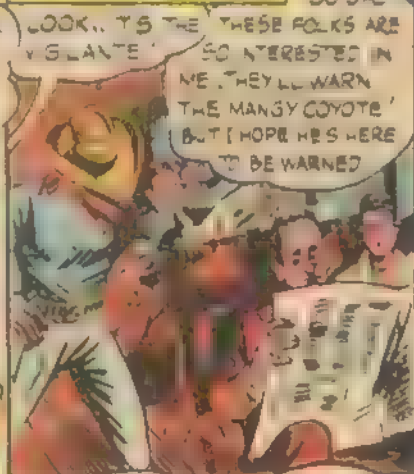
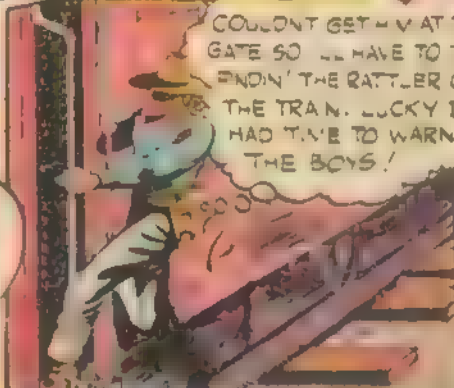
TICKETS PLEASE

HUM..? TS HMM HE MUST HAVE SUGGED THE REAL CONDUCTOR WHEN HE SAW ME COME AND CHANGED CLOTHES

THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRAIN. WARM UP...

CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE, VIGILANTE TO GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

THE VIGILANTE WISE. I'D BETTER GET OFF THIS TRAIN



THE LUCKY VARMIN'T, THE
TRAIN HAS TO SLOW UP
AROUND A CURVE AT JUST
THIS MINUTE! BUT FHE THINKS
I CAN'T PICK UP HIS TRAIL, HE'S
GOT ANOTHER THINK COMIN'.



AS THE DESERT-TRAINED
VIGILANTE POUNCES ON TINY
ALMOST UNNOTICEABLE CLUES...



HMM, HE
KICKED THIS
STONE AWAY.
I'M ON THE
RIGHT TRACK!

FAR OVERHEAD THE REMAINING
LEGIONNAIRES CLOSE IN FOR THE
SHOWDOWN WITH THE MAN OF
MYSTERY.

SAY G A, MR. X
HOPPED INTO THOSE
WOODS

DON'T WORRY STRIPESY,
THE VIG WONT LOSE
HIM AND HE'LL SIGNAL
US WHEN HE'S
READY TO CLOSE IN



I'M NOT
SURE... AND
ANYWAY I
COULDN'T HELP
IT. THEY STUCK
TO MY TRAIL
LIKE GLUE.

MAYBE
NOW YOU'LL
BELIEVE US
WHEN WE
TELL YA
HOW TOUGH
THEY ARE

THE EDUCATION
COST YA PLENTY,
PA... FIFTY GRAND
BUT NOW WE'RE
GONNA SHOW YA
HOW TOUGH
WE ARE!

WE'LL
SHOOT
DEM
BABES
DOWN LIKE
CLAY PIGEONS
WHEN DEY
SHOW UP!

YES NO MATTER HOW FANT AND
TEDIOUS THE TRAIL THE PUNCHING
PLANSMAN WILL NOT SLACKEN
HIS TENACIOUS PURSUIT MEANWHILE.

I'M MR. X, YOU
FOOL. QUICK DON'T
STAND THERE GAPING
THE SEVEN SOLDERS
OF VICTORY ARE
ON MY TRAIL!
GET READY!
FOR ACTION!

HUH...?
WHOS
THIS
GUY?
WHAA...?
YOU
BROUGHT
THOSE
GUYS
HERE?



THE CRIMINALS' PREPARATIONS
ARE QUICKLY MADE AND AS
THE MOMENTS PASS...

LOOK, THOSE
GUYS COMIN' UP!
YES, THEY
WOULD BE
IN THE WAY

THEY'RE CAMPERS, YA
SAP! THEY LIKE TA
CLUB THIS MOUNTAIN
AND SOMETIMES SLEEP
OVER AT THE HOTEL
BUT NO MAN LL GET
RD OF THEM!

I'M SORRY GENTS,
BUT WE'RE FULL UP
NOT AN EMPTY ROOM
IN THE
PLACE!

THAT'S
TOO BAD
WE EXPECTED TO
MEET A FRIEND OF
OURS HERE





SUDDENLY.

BUT
INSTEAD OF
ONE FRIEND,
I SEE SEVERAL.

LAZY
DYERS

BLACKIE
KRAUL

WHAT A
CHALLENGE
FER TRYIN
OUT SOME
SIGNS
KO

THUNDERBOLTS IN HUMAN GUISE EXPLODE AMONG THE STARTLED
THUGS TO CLAIM QUICK VICTIMS.

HERES ONE
GRENADE THAT
AINT NO DUD

PERHAPS THAS THOU
WHO SENT THE LETTER THUS
ART THOU PROPERLY
PAID

REMEMBER THE
TIME RED, YOU
WERE ONLY
TOO GLAD TO
TACKLE ME?



BUT, AS A LONE CRIMINAL
SHRINKS FROM THE STRUGGLE

WHOA, MR. CONDUCTOR :
NO GOT TICKET, BUT YOU
GOT PUNCH ANYWAY!

YES.
WERE
TIRED OF
LOOKING
AT DIS-
GUISES

RUB HIS DISGUISE
OFF WING WE WANTA
SEE WHAT THE RATTLE
REALLY LOOKS
LIKE

NO,
DONT

WELL, I'LL BE
HORNSWOGGLED, SO
THATS WHY HE ALWAYS
USED DISGUISES

HE WAS
TOO FUNNY-LOOKING
TO STAND THE SIGHT OF
HIS OWN FACE AND HE
COULDN'T AFFORD TO
HAVE ANYONE ELSE
SEE WHAT HE
REALLY
LOOKED LIKE

BUT WHY DID
HE TACKLE
US?

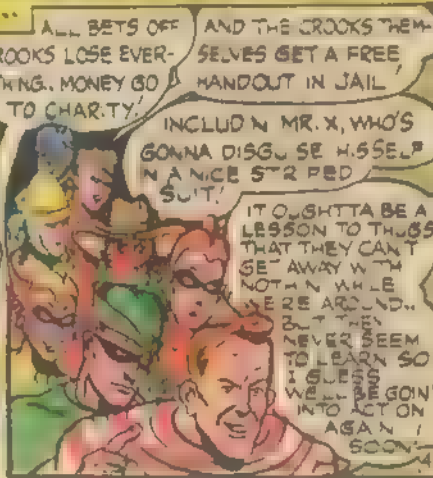
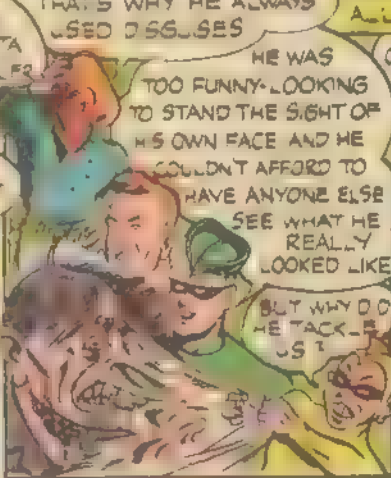
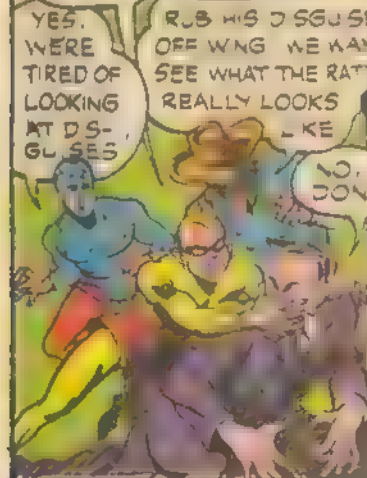
QUICK EXPLANATIONS ENSUE, AND WHEN THE
SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY UNDERSTAND

ALL BETS OFF
CROOKS LOSE EVER-
THING. MONEY GO
TO CHARITY!

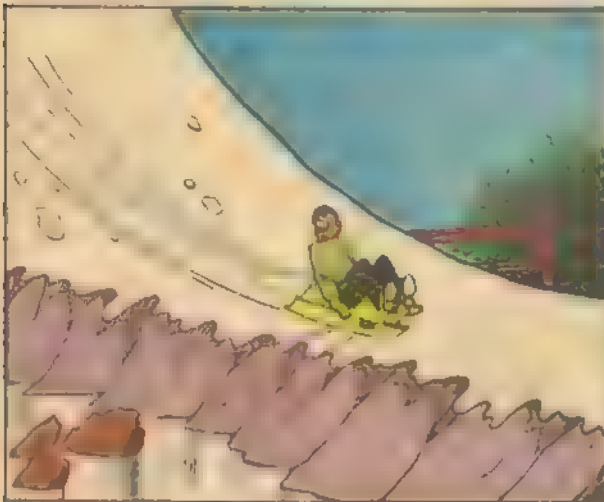
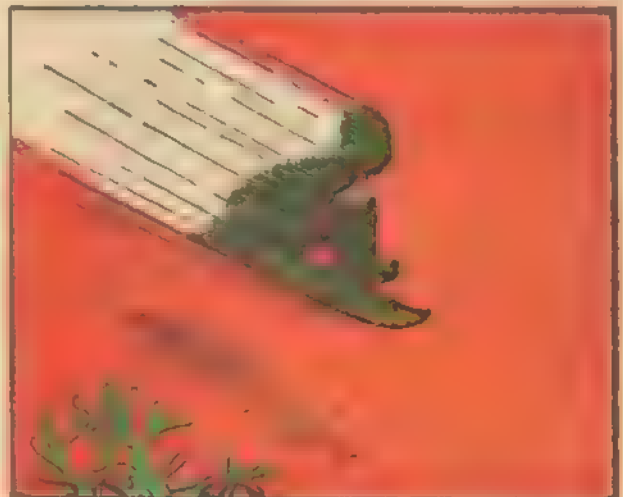
AND THE CROOKS THEM-
SELVES GET A FREE
HANDOUT IN JAIL!

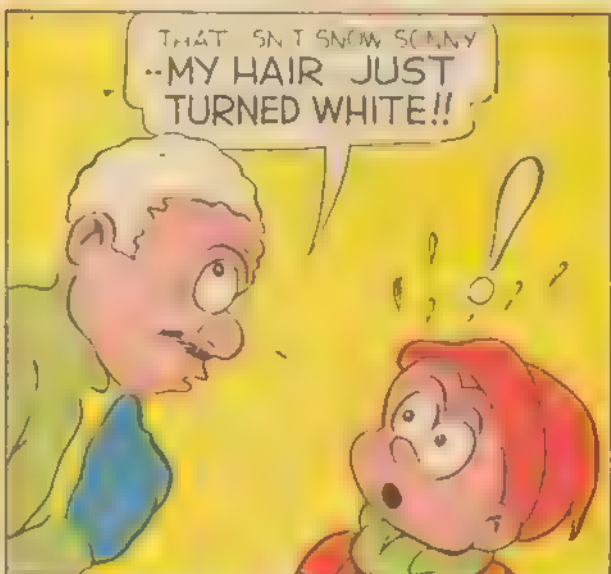
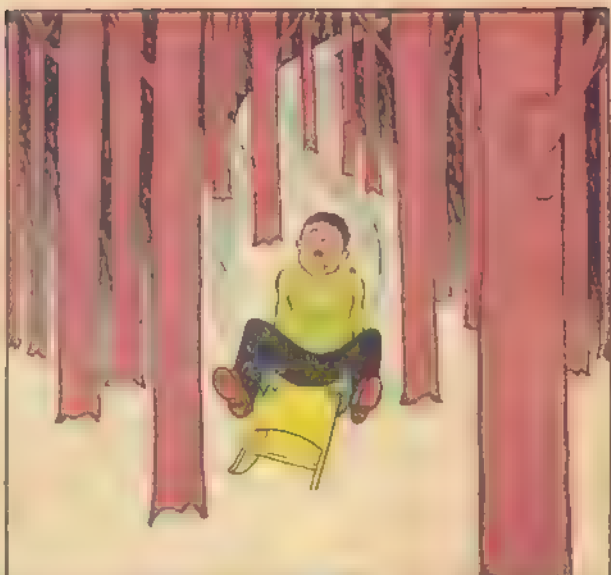
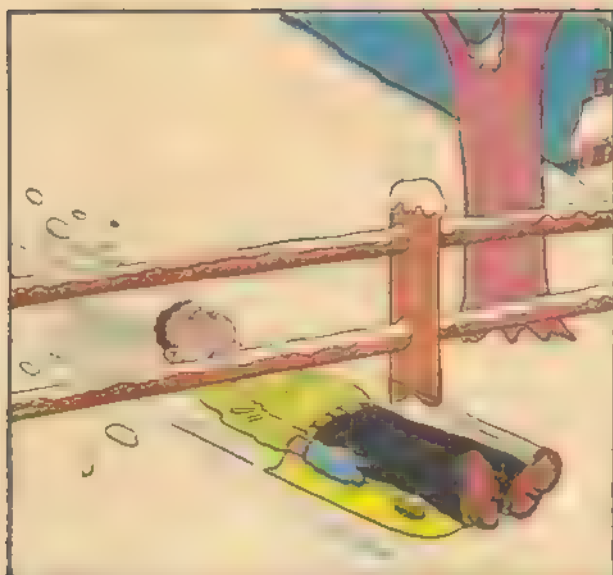
INCLUDING MR. X, WHO'S
GONNA DISGUISE HIMSELF
IN A NICE STRIPED
SUIT!

IT OUGHTTA BE A
LESSON TO THUGS
THAT THEY CANT
GET AWAY WITH
NOTHING WHILE
WE'RE AROUND...
BUT THEY
NEVER SEEM
TO LEARN SO
I GUESS
WE'LL BE GONNA
GO INTO ACTION
AGAIN!
SOON!



SONNY & PAPPY





GET GOING

FULL
SPEED
AHEAD



"But, Mrs. Smyth - that's the only way we can work off the energy your son gets from Wheaties!"

Food power will help you get that champion start for the day. And food power is yours every morning in Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions" - crisp whole wheat flakes with milk or cream and fruit.

Yes, get going with a real athlete's training dish, the kind hundreds of your favorite champions pick for steady duty on the training table. Wheaties give you *all* the vital food-energy, *all* the well known essential food values of good whole wheat.

So eat lots of Wheaties every day - all you want of this famous "Breakfast of Champions." Eat Wheaties because you want food power. Eat 'em because you want an exciting flavor that puts brand new zip and sparkle into breakfast. You're eating like a champion when you call for plenty of milk and fruit and a big bowlful of Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions."

Hey look! Special offer good only while our limited supplies last. Get handsome mechanical pencil shaped like big league baseball bat - streamline curved to fit your fingers. Send 10c and one Wheaties box top to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 449, Minneapolis, Minn. And send *today!*



GENERAL MILLS, INC.

"Breakfast

of **Champions**"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

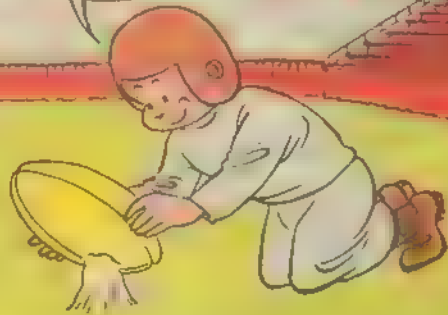
Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trademarks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

TUFFY

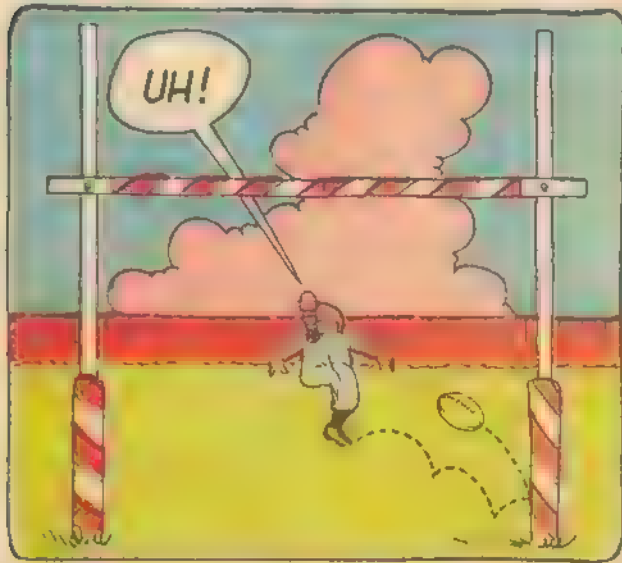


TOUCHDOWN!!

NOW I'LL
KICK A GOAL
FOR THE EXTRA
POINT!

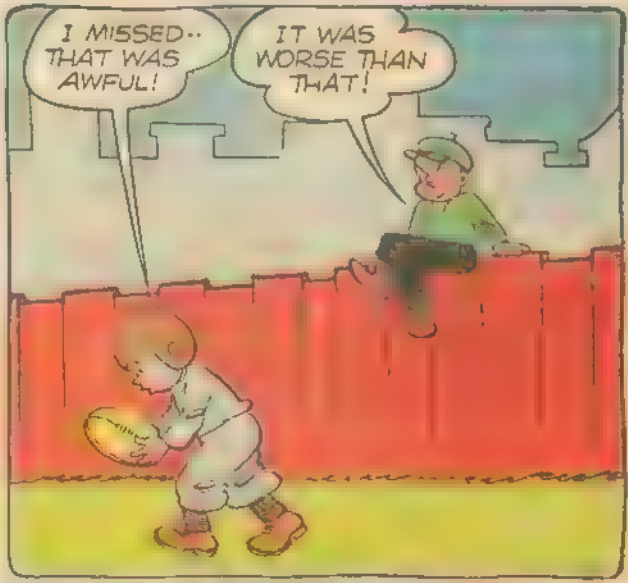


UH!

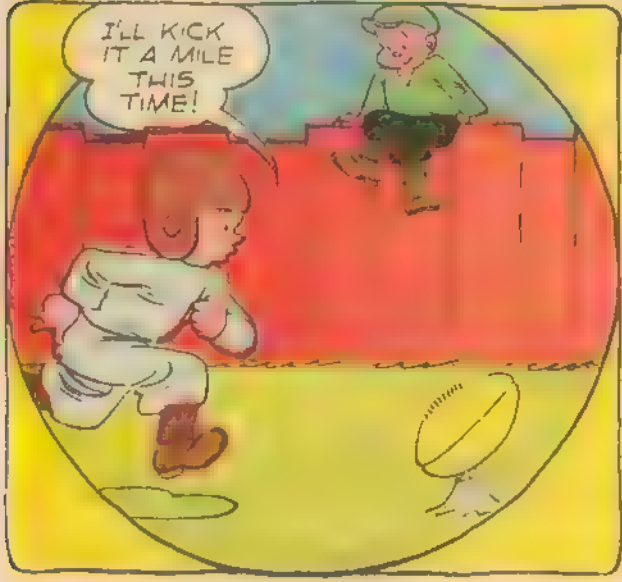


I MISSED--
THAT WAS
AWFUL!

IT WAS
WORSE THAN
THAT!



I'LL KICK
IT A MILE
THIS
TIME!



PRETTY
PUNK!



NOBODY

MEETING HISTORY HEREWITH PRESENTS
FOR YOUR VEXATION, FRUSTRATION,
AND UTTER CONFUSION, SOME OF THE
MOST STARTLING UNTRUTHS AND
MISSED UNFACTS NOT YET
ENTERED IN FATHER TIME'S SCRAP
BOOK OF WORLD EVENTS

YOU CAN'T PROVE
A WORD OF IT BY
ME, JAHIM

EXACTLY 100 YEARS AGO - ONE HOMER, Z HADDUCK,
A SUPER-SCIENTIST OF HIS DAY, STARTED HIS COLLEAGUES
NO END ON RETURNING FROM A BUREAU TRIP BY PROCLAIMING
FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT IT WAS TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE
TO CHURN ANY BUTTER ON THE 'MILKY WAY'.

IT CAN NOW BE UNDENIABLY STATED
THAT ROBINSON CRUSOE'S MAIN 'FRIDAY'
NEVER ONCE DID A RADIO COMMERCIAL,
BROADCAST, OR EVEN SANG MAMMY
SONGS IN THE MOONLIGHT FOR
THAT MATTER.

CONTRARY TO ALL THEIR
CLAIMS, IT CAN'T BE DONE -
AND I SAY IT'S THE BUNK!

VENUS -
BASKET
FULL OF
WELCOME -
LOTS FOR SALE

HUSH YO' BIG OL'
MOUTH, - SONNY BOY!!

MAA-AA-
HAM-MEE
OO

NO DYING INVESTIGATOR HAS EVER YET
BEEN ABLE TO CONCLUSIVELY PROVE THAT
MAHATMA GANDHI MERELY WASHED HIS
SHEETS ON WEEK DAYS, AND SHED OFF
ON SUNDAYS WITH THOSE PILLOW CASES!

GED-OLDA-HERE -
AND SOAT!!

COMIN' RIGHT UP
MAHATMA - IT'S
TUESDAY ALL DAY
TO-DAY AND WE
CHANGE THE
SHEETS!

NOW LET'S TAKE MATHEMATICS, - WE ALL
KNOW THAT 2 GOES INTO 4 - 4 GOES
INTO 8 ETC ETC DON'T WE BUT WHAT
DOES THE HIGHEST FIGURE EVER
ARRIVED AT BY OUR GREATEST
MATHEMATICIANS GO INTO? -

MAYBE COULD IT BE THAT
IT'S 'OBLIVION' IT GOES INTO?

WHO'S ASKING
WHO?

715920346
28759167
62945418

HECTIC HISTORY IS AT LAST TOO HAPPY TO FLAT-FOOTEDLY DENY THAT THE GULF OF MEXICO WAS ORIGINALLY BUILT BY THE EARLY SEMINOLE INDIANS WHO CARRIED IT PUDDLE BY PUDDLE FROM THE MANGROVE SWAMPS OF FLORIDA.



HEY ELMER! -- FASTER -- WITH BIGGER N' BETTER PUDDLES -- AN' MORE OF 'EM !!

HEY - NO FORGETTUM, PALE-PUSS, UGH-PLUS-S-L MEANS SLUG!

ALL OF THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC MINDS THROUGHOUT HISTORY HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO DETERMINE WHAT A SHOOTING STAR IS SHOOTING AT, -- WHO SHOT IT -- OR 'WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT?'

HOLD EVERYTHING TOOTS, THE LIGHTS ARE AGAINST YOU !!



CONTRARY TO UNCOMMON BELIEF GALLING CARDS WERE UNKNOWN DURING THE STONE AGE -- THEY USED INSTEAD WHAT WAS PLAYFULLY CALLED THE 'GRANITE BEAN-BAG' (SHOWN BELOW)

WHO'S ZAT KNOCKING?

GUESS WHO - ?



AND IN GONGLUSION -- ALTHOUGH IT HAS BEEN ATTEMPTED THOUSANDS OF TIMES THERE IS STILL NO CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT ANYONE YET HAS EVER TAKEN A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT

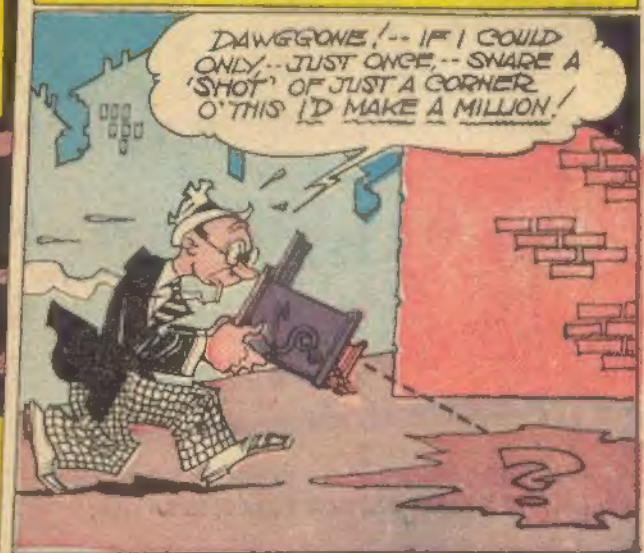
THE FAMOUS ROCK OF GIBRALTOR WAS NOT SMUGGLED OUT OF ENGLAND IN AUGUST OF THE YEAR 1470, DISGUISED AS THREE DIFFERENT STATUES OF GARIBALDI'S NIECE -- GARIBALDI HADN'T EVEN BEEN BORN AT THAT TIME -- AND NEVER HAD THREE NIECE STATUES IN THE FIRST PLACE

I'VE BEEN THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN OF THIS OL' ROCK THUTTY YEAR NOW, MAN N' BOY -- THAT'S A LOT O' HOOEY!

GIBRALTOR - NO PARKING



DAWGONE! -- IF I COULD ONLY -- JUST ONCE -- SNARE A 'SHOT' OF JUST A CORNER. O' THIS I'D MAKE A MILLION!



GET THIS BOMBER AND SECRET BOMB-SIGHT

FREE

4 BATTLESHIPS and 4 TANKS INCLUDED

Here's the most amazing offer that we have ever made! Imagine a big realistic bomber, fully colored, equipped with a secret bombsight and a large bomb bay holding several "block-buster" bombs, plus an automatic precision bomb release and 4 big enemy battleships and a large ocean battleground—also 4 fully camouflaged deadly-looking tanks and a real battlefield. You load the bomber, carefully sight the enemy, through the bombsight, turn the bomb release—SOCKO, a direct hit. Read on—see how you can get yours absolutely FREE with this offer.

HOW TO FLY

CONTAINS OVER 200 PICTURES
This great book "How to Fly" has been edited by aviation experts. It contains over 200 pictures selected to teach the art, the science, and the fun of flying. IT IS VIRTUALLY A PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING COURSE! Tells—why a plane flies—parts of a plane—how to operate controls—how to take off and land—flight maneuvers—stunting—dictionary of terms—and much, much, more. Now read and learn more about this amazing offer!



WITH THIS OFFER

FEEL FLYING THRILLS

WITH THIS TRAINING COCKPIT AND PRE-FLIGHT COURSE

Here's the thrill that you have been dreaming about and waiting for. If you crave real flying sensations, here they are! This training cockpit is not a toy—it will provide exciting hours of fun and spine-tingling thrills for the entire family. It is a replica of a real airplane cockpit, combining fun with actual aviation instruction. Every important move, every lever, works. Sit in it! Switch on the ignition! Slowly advance the throttle, ease back the stick and ZOOM... you're off on the greatest adventure of your life... AND... it's absolutely safe!

Here's your machine gun and cannon sight. You see enemy planes and before your gun sight. Spot your foe carefully in the cross hairs. Identify him correctly, pull the trigger, and if you are right, you will get him and see him burst into flames right before your very eyes.



WHEEL-CONTROL

Big 20 inch durable Wheel-Control that can be moved up and back, with wheel that can be turned to right and left just like those in real planes.

RUDDER PEDALS

Two Rudder Pedals are pushed down with right and left foot. Spring action causes them to come back up when foot pressure is released, giving you real plane action.



HOW TO ORDER

Because of the tremendous demand for these amazing thrill products, our supply is limited. ORDER NOW to be sure of getting yours. Send no money just coupon! When the postman brings yours, pay him \$1.65 plus postage and C.O.D. charge, or 2 sets for \$3.25, plus delivery charges. Only 2 to a customer. (Avoid disappointment. Have money ready when your postman arrives.)

GUARANTEE

If you are not completely satisfied that you get more than your money's worth, return in 5 days and we will refund purchase price. You take no risk.—ORDER TODAY!

RUSH COUPON FOR FIVE DAYS TRIAL!

INVENTION CO., FLIGHT 1712
38 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

- ☐ Rush my TRAINING COCKPIT and free gifts immediately. I will pay postman \$1.65 plus postage and C.O.D. charge when it arrives.
- ☐ Send me 2 TRAINING COCKPITS, complete with free gifts at the special price. I will pay postman only \$3.25 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival.
- I understand that if I am not satisfied, I can return within 5 days and get purchase price back.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. Supply pay postman \$1.65 plus postage and C.O.D. charge on arrival. BE SURE—ORDER NOW!

INVENTION CO., FLIGHT 1712
38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK 7, N. Y.

FREE

with your order—as explained in coupon

THIS AMAZING WRITE-O-GRAPH

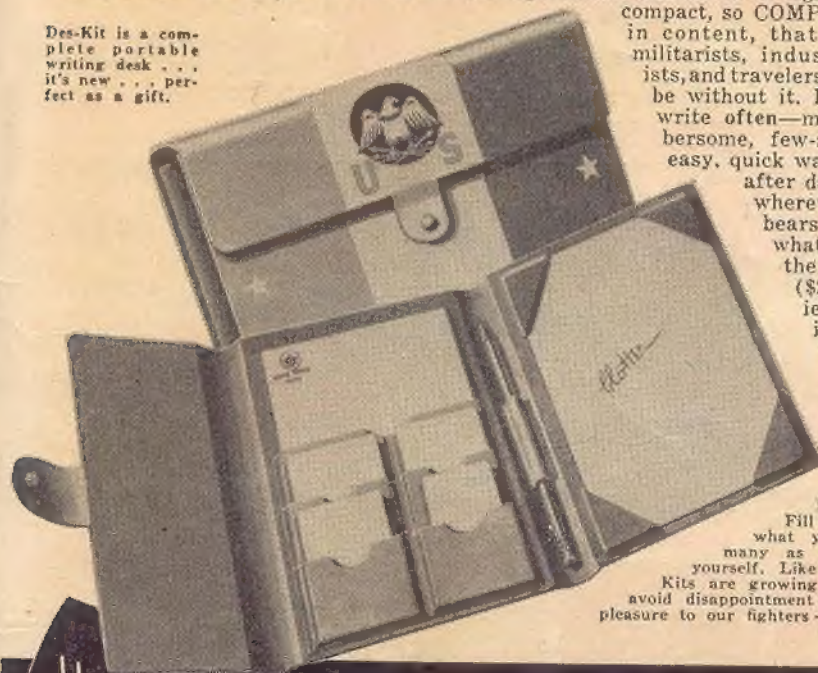
Analyzes Any Handwriting for You Instantly

In moments—with this exciting invention—you discover anyone's most closely guarded characteristics from his handwriting. Graphology, as this is called, is a psychological triumph of the century. Learn it easily with this complete Write-O-Graph outfit. Astound your friends! Free, with your order, as per the coupon below.

GET THEM THIS WRITING KIT that has EVERYTHING—even a DESK!

Every soldier and sailor—man or woman, officer or private—NEEDS this most practical of all portable kits for correspondence. Des-Kit is so light and compact, so COMPLETE

Des-Kit is a complete portable writing desk... it's new... perfect as a gift.



in content, that most militarists, industrialists, and travelers won't

be without it. Des-Kit makes it easy and delightful to write often—many live, vibrant notes instead of cumbersome, few-and-far-between letters. Des-Kit is the easy, quick way to be with friends and loved ones day after day—so they always know what's stirring wherever you are. Des-Kit letter paper all bears the insignia you choose. Read (left) what Des-Kit contains—all for only \$1.98 for the standard set. The de Luxe Des-Kit (\$2.98) comes imprinted with the recipient's name besides the official service insignia. And—with the de Luxe only—we add the thrilling, FREE material for handwriting analysis. This Des-Kit with name and address and better quality contents is easily worth the extra dollar. On Des-Kits tremendously popular with civilians, we omit insignia and furnish

name and address instead.

Price—\$2.48 for Model B. Fill in the coupon now. Check what you want and order as many as you need for gifts or yourself. Like other fine things, Des-Kits are growing scarcer. Order now, to avoid disappointment—AND to give extreme pleasure to our fighters—men and women.

only
\$1.98
de Luxe Kit
\$2.98

Here's what Des-Kit contains

In the standard Des-Kit (\$1.98) you get 50 sheets of fine quality bond, excellent for pen, pencil, or typewriter, bearing the insignia you choose; 30 envelopes to match; matching correspondence cards; space for V-Mail and high-grade pencil. When opened, blotter section forms lap-desk.

Des-kit

the complete
WRITING
KIT!

Your choice of insignia

Official insignia furnished. Specify exactly the insignia you want. Choice of Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, Signal Corps, WACS, WAVES, SPARS, LADY MARINES. Civilians can get name and address instead for slight extra cost.



ARMY



NAVY



MARINES



COAST GUARD

HOW TO ORDER:

Des-Kits are made to special order, they will not be shipped C.O.D. Sign your name and address to coupon, checking Des-Kit desired. Enclose money order or check. We ship charges prepaid.

also

WACS
WAVES
SPARS
LADY
MARINES

WHITELY COMPANY, DEPT. 1212
BOX 1, STATION X, NEW YORK 54, N. Y.

Ship me immediately, charges prepaid, Des-Kits as checked below. In the box, indicate quantity wanted. My check, money order in full is enclosed. Check insignia desired:

- ☐ Army ☐ Navy ☐ Marines ☐ Coast Guard ☐ Signal Corps.
☐ WACS ☐ WAVES ☐ SPARS ☐ LADY MARINES ☐ Civilians.
☐ Model A: standard Des-Kit, price \$1.98 each, with insignia checked.
☐ Model B: same as above, but for civilian, price \$2.48 each.
☐ No insignia; instead give (PRINT) name and address of name wanted.
☐ Model C: de Luxe Des-Kit, price \$2.98 each, includes insignia and name of recipient and FREE WRITE-O-GRAPH gift.

NAME.....

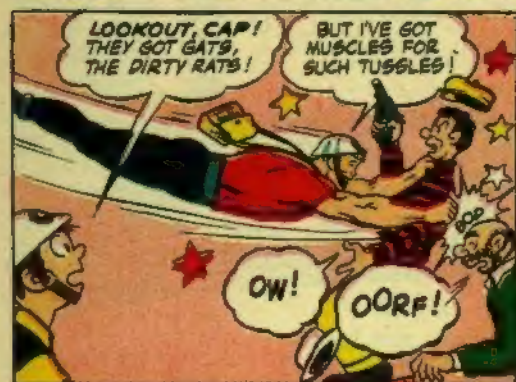
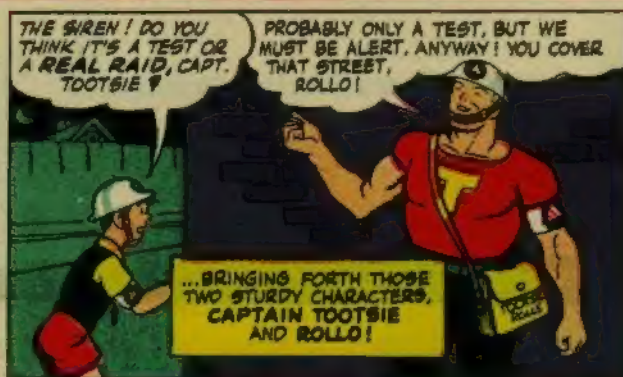
STREET.....

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WHITELY CO., Dept. 1212
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Captain **TOOTSIE** AND THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY

BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK



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THIS GENUINE AUSTRALIAN

ZOOMERANG

(BETTER THAN A BOOMERANG)

for only **10¢**

IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!

Girls! Boys! Imagine the thrill of having this genuine Australian zoomerang. You'll be the envy of every kid on your street. You'll spend hours having the time of your life with it! Get yours while supply lasts! This offer expires May 31, 1944. Mail coupon below today.

TOOTSIE ROLLS

Department 1.3 Hoboken, N. J.

Rush me your Australian zoomerang, postage paid, by fast mail. I enclose one dime.

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Zoomers!
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Goes 50 to 75 Feet!
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